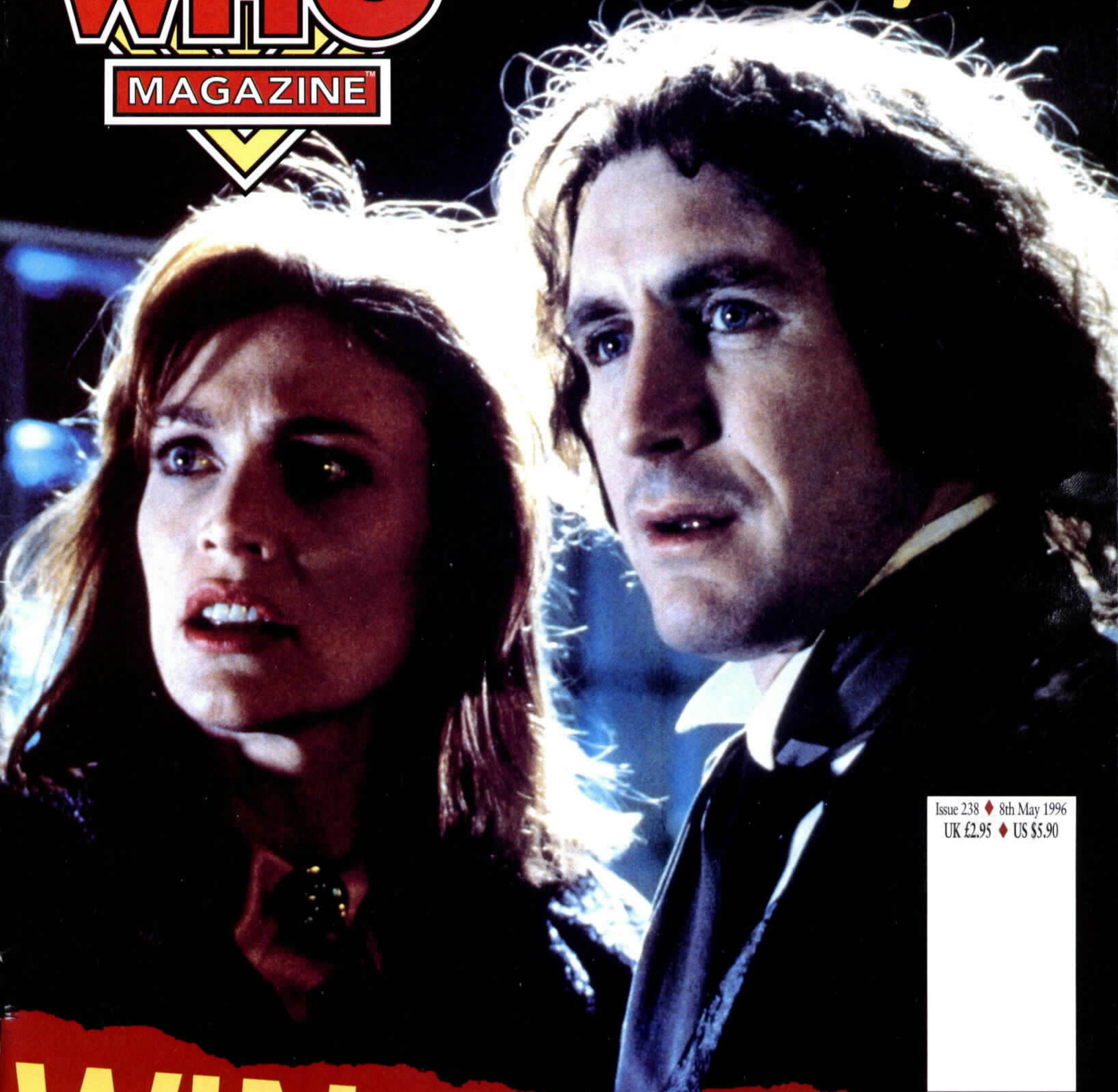
MARVEL MAGAZINES

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

Exclusive interviews with Paul McGann Daphne Ashbrook & Geoffrey Sax!



Issue 238 ♦ 8th May 1996
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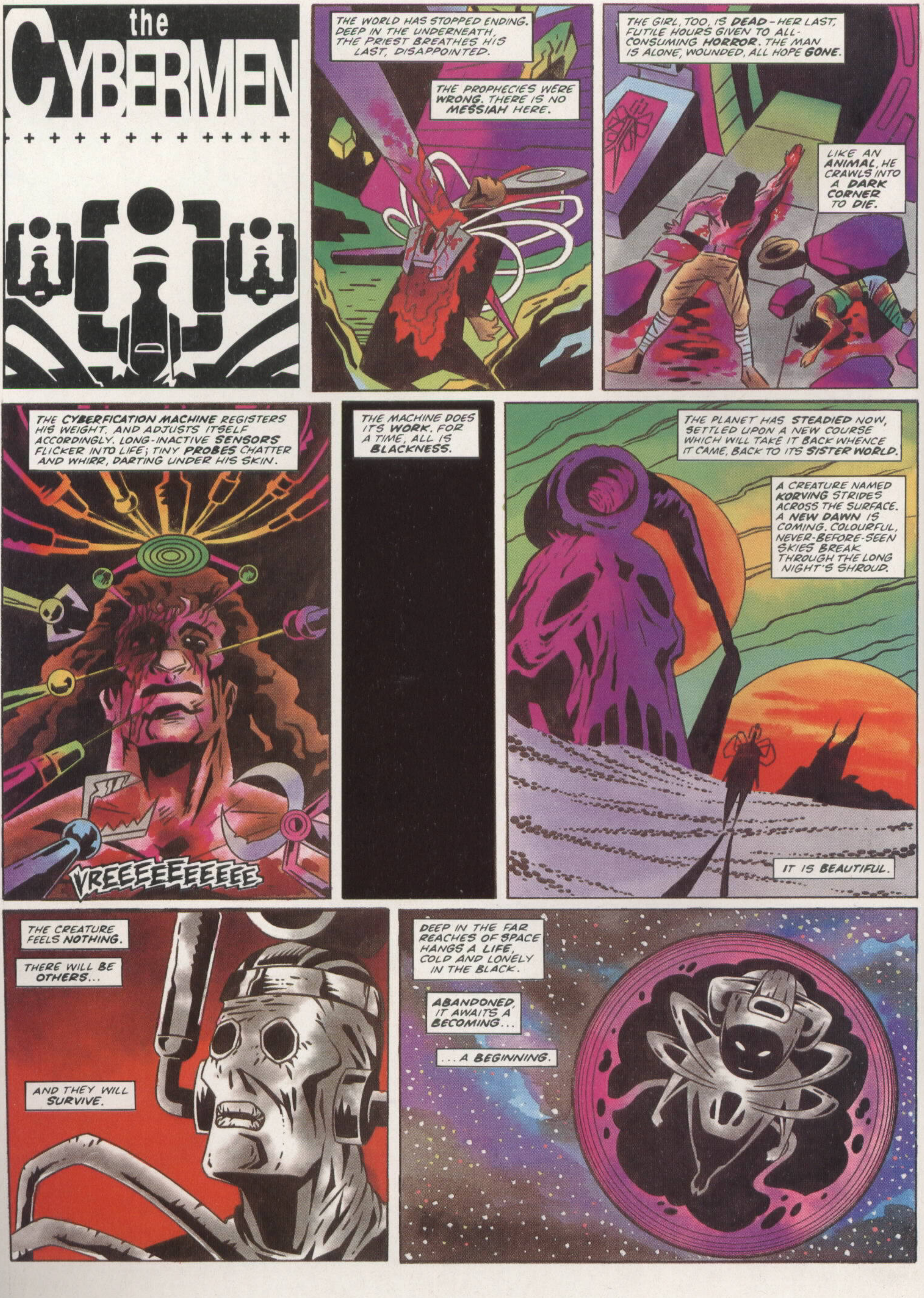
WIN

a ticket to the British Premiere of the new *Doctor Who* film!

the CYBERMEN


THE WORLD HAS STOPPED ENDING. DEEP IN THE UNDERNEATH, THE PRIEST BREATHES HIS LAST, DISAPPOINTED.
THE PROPHECIES WERE WRONG. THERE IS NO MESSIAH HERE.
THE GIRL, TOO, IS DEAD - HER LAST, FUTILE HOURS GIVEN TO ALL-CONSUMING HORROR. THE MAN IS ALONE, WOUNDED, ALL HOPE GONE.
LIKE AN ANIMAL, HE CRAWLS INTO A DARK CORNER TO DIE.
THE CYBERFICATION MACHINE REGISTERS HIS WEIGHT, AND ADJUSTS ITSELF ACCORDINGLY. LONG-INACTIVE SENSORS FLICKER INTO LIFE; TINY PROBES CHATTER AND WHIRR, DARTING UNDER HIS SKIN.
VREEEEEEEEEEE
THE MACHINE DOES ITS WORK. FOR A TIME, ALL IS BLACKNESS.
THE PLANET HAS STEADIED NOW, SETTLED UPON A NEW COURSE WHICH WILL TAKE IT BACK WHENCE IT CAME, BACK TO ITS SISTER WORLD.
A CREATURE NAMED KORVING STRIDES ACROSS THE SURFACE. A NEW DAWN IS COMING. COLOURFUL, NEVER-BEFORE-SEEN SKIES BREAK THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT'S SHROUD.
IT IS BEAUTIFUL.
THE CREATURE FEELS NOTHING.
THERE WILL BE OTHERS...
AND THEY WILL SURVIVE.
DEEP IN THE FAR REACHES OF SPACE HANGS A LIFE, COLD AND LONELY IN THE BLACK.
ABANDONED, IT AWAITS A BECOMING...
...A BEGINNING.

We've never had a busier time at *Doctor Who Magazine* than these last couple of weeks. *Doctor Who*'s return to television and the resulting media circus have kept us on our toes – racing around the country, nay, the world, to bring *DWM* readers the best possible coverage of the new film.

A great deal of soul-searching took place before we compiled this issue's main feature – the first in a special series about the TV movie. No other *Doctor Who* story has ever been covered in such depth in advance of its television screening before, and we are very wary of ruining the many surprises and thrills the new adventure has to offer. However, we are aware that almost every national newspaper, many mass-circulation magazines and the usual set of more specialised science fiction titles are happily printing 'scoop' plot revelations and photographs. While *DWM* will, of course, provide the in-depth coverage that most of you demand, we have been very careful with the presentation of the interviews this issue, and have kept the conversations to aspects of the show that have already become well-known through other sources: Grace and the Doctor's much-talked-about kiss, for example.

Of course, if you want to avoid finding out anything about the new film, you could put this issue away until June – I strongly suspect, however, that you would also have to move to Antarctica to avoid the frenzy of *Radio Times* features, chat shows and radio interviews come May.

Adding to our workload (and don't think we're complaining – we love it all) is the production of a special magazine tie-in, the release of which is planned to coincide with the UK television screening of the film. More on this next issue . . .

You may also have noticed that our editorial address has changed. On 1st April we upped sticks and fled a bomb-ravaged London for the balmy rural ambience of Royal Tunbridge Wells. Please make sure that you send all editorial correspondence to the new address. Subscription enquiries, however, should be sent to the address on page 51.

Anyway, I'll cease this prattling and make way for the business of the issue – celebrating the return of our favourite series. And, judging from my experiences in Vancouver, I can promise you that the future of *Doctor Who* is in the best possible hands . . .

Gary

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
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Promotions Manager **Chris McCormack**
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Managing Director **Richard Maskell**

APOLOGIES TO NEWSAGENTS

We would like to make a public apology to all newsagents concerning the tone and content of a recent subscription offer, which featured in Issue 236 of **Doctor Who Magazine.**

Thanks this issue to: Lou Anders, Sarah Andrews, Daphne Ashbrook, Richard Bignell, David Brunt, Mary Collins, Gail Holman, David J Howe, Jane Judge, Paul McGann, Adrian Rigelsford, Edward Salt, Geoffrey Sax, Vicky Thomas, Stephen James Walker, Mark Ward, Martin Wiggins, BBC Video, Virgin Publishing.

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This issue's competition entries should be sent on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, clearly marked with the competition title, to: **Doctor Who Magazine**, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5TZ, England. Entries must arrive by second post on 26th June 1996.

For details of current subscription rates, see page 51.
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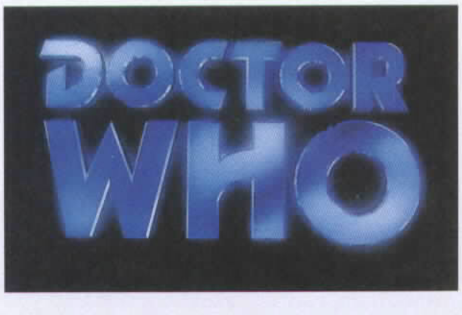
Transmission dates subject to last-minute rethink

BBC1 to broadcast new TV movie in May?

The US and UK transmission dates for the new *Doctor Who* TV Movie, starring Paul McGann as the Doctor, remain unfixed at the time of going to press (13th March), but a likely timetable is beginning to emerge.



It is understood that the film, accepted by the Fox Network in the States for its 'Tuesday Night Movie' slot, will be broadcast on the evening of 14th May. Transmission was originally scheduled one week earlier, but a number of factors have dictated its rescheduling – most pertaining to other productions being prepared for the same feature strand.

Ratings for this broadcast will be available the following day, and will dictate to a large degree the future development or otherwise of a *Doctor Who* television series.

In an unexpected move, the UK transmission has been moved forward a number of months. BBC1 stated in January that an early broadcast would be unlikely, and that no suitable slot would be available until the autumn season. However, a BBC source has informed **DWM** that Alan Yentob, the Controller of BBC1, has viewed early unedited footage from the production and has been very impressed. It now appears the UK transmission will take place over Whitsuntide Bank Holiday weekend (Saturday 25th – Monday 27th May).

The final transmission date and time will be partially dictated by such 'fixed' schedule furniture as Saturday's *The National Lottery Live* and the Monday night *EastEnders*. A detailed announcement and major press launch for the film is expected at the BBC New Season press conference on 23rd March.

We asked former *Doctor Who* producer John Nathan-Turner for his expert opinion on the Bank Holiday timeslot. "It's something of a risk, and a gamble against the weather," he told us. "If it's hot and sunny then the key family audience will all be away at the seaside or in the country, and disinclined to turn the TV on. On the other hand, if it's cold and wet than the mums and dads will stay at home and the ratings might be very good. Of course, the exact slot and ITV's choice of competition will always be critical.

"Presumably the transmission is early in order to assess the demand for a second film or a series as soon as possible. It would be difficult to have a series ready for next year if the pilot isn't screened until Christmas.

"Whenever it is shown, I am greatly looking forward to watching it."

BBC Video has scheduled the UK home video release of the film for the same week as the US transmission, but it seems unlikely that the cassette will be available before the US premiere. However, BBC Video is understandably keen to have the video on sale before pirated off-air NTSC recordings of the film reach Britain from America, so 15th May appears to be the most probable release date.

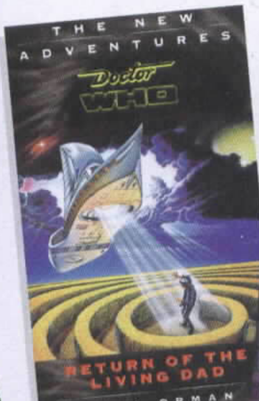
The cassette will have a photographic cover and feature the new *Doctor Who* logo (shown above) which is clearly based upon the one designed by Bernard Lodge and used in the title sequence of the first four seasons of Jon Pertwee's tenure as the Doctor in the early Seventies (See page 23).

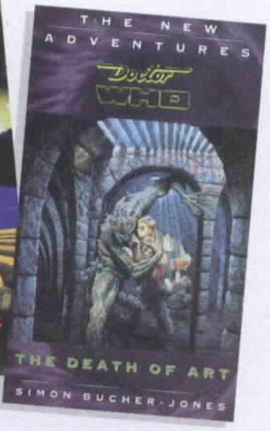
In an exciting development, BBC Video has generously organised a special preview screening of the film, due to take place at a central London cinema on 13th May. If the US transmission remains fixed at 14th May, then this one-off big-screen showing before a lucky group of 200 fans will therefore become the film's World Premiere. For *your* chance to attend as a guest of BBC Video and **DWM**, see our special competition opposite. The screening is the brainchild of BBC Video's Gail Holman and Vicky Thomas, and fan-extraordinaire Andrew Beech.

Merchandise news

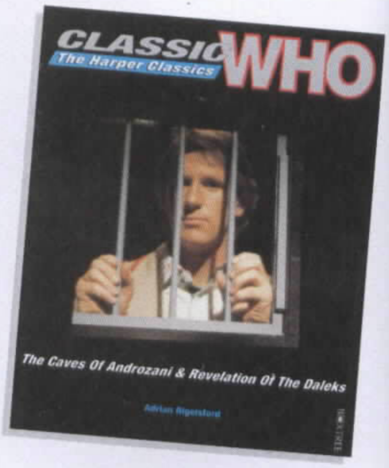
BBC Children's Books is planning the simultaneous release of Gary Russell's novelisation of the TV movie and a script book on 15th May – the likely release date for the video. The 240-page novelisation will retail at £3.99, while the larger-format script book, weighing in at 160 pages, will be £5.99. Both paperback books will contain eight-page photo sections, and the script book will have a special introduction written by the film's executive producer Philip Segal.

BBC Books' new involvement in this sector of the market has cast doubts over Virgin Books' future output. Virgin's license to produce *Doctor Who* fiction and non-fiction expires in May 1997, and negotiations are currently taking place regarding its renewal. In light of this uncertainty, Virgin is not immediately commissioning any *New* or *Missing Adventures* beyond their planned December 1996 releases – respectively Matthew Jones' *Bad Therapy* and Lance Parkin's *Cold Fusion* – until the future of both ranges is clarified.



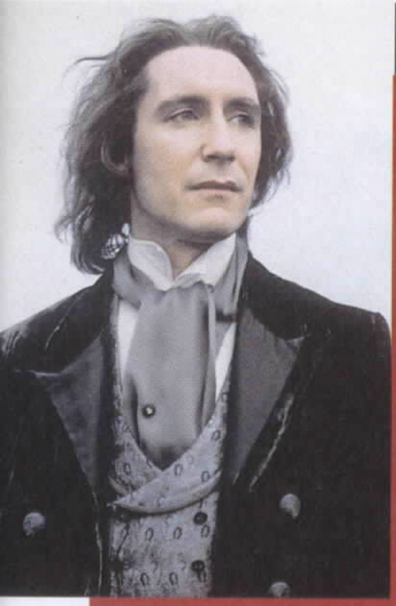


Shown here are the new-look covers to the August and September *New Adventures*: *Return of the Living Dad* by Kate Orman with an illustration by Mark Wilkinson, and *The Death of Art* by newcomer Simon Bucher-Jones with artwork by Jon Sullivan.



Boxtree's plans for its range of unlicensed non-fiction are, according to their publicity department, unchanged. *Classic Who – The Harper Classics* is the first of the company's new books, and is scheduled for a spring release.

DOCTOR WHO MOVIE *competition* *token*



The **ULTIMATE** competition!

Win one of 50 tickets to the premiere of the new *Doctor Who* TV movie!

Yes! This is your chance to attend BBC Video's special preview screening of the new film which will take place in London's West End on the night of 13th May. **Doctor Who Magazine** has **50** tickets to give away to lucky readers. All you have to do is send in your name, address and phone number, along with the special token at the top of the page, in an envelope marked **PREMIERE TICKETS** to the competition address on page three.

There's no question to answer, no picture to identify – we want every reader to have an equal chance of winning – all entries will simply be entered into a random draw.

Rules and conditions:

1 All entries must be received by second post on Friday 26th April. Fifty winners will be drawn at 5.00pm the same day.

2 This competition is only open to *bone fide* DWM readers, so we must ask that you enclose a token with your entry. Photocopies are, we're afraid, *not* acceptable.

3 Multiple entries are not permitted. Only one ticket will be available per applicant. No friends or families of winners will be allowed admittance.

4 Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the draw, and will then be informed of the venue and the exact time of the screening.

5 Marvel Comics and BBC Video will not enter into any correspondence, and are not liable for the cost of travel to the venue or any accommodation, if required.

6 The editor's decision is final.

Outside the Spaceship

"Hello, is that David Banks? How are you?"

Obituaries Leslie Wilkinson, who played various roles in *The Keys of Marinus, The Dalek Invasion of Earth* and *The Romans* died in early December aged eighty-seven; Dudley Long (robot extra in *The Time Warrior* Parts Two and Three) died on Christmas Day; Peter Hill (the manager in *Day of the Daleks* Episode Three) died on 29th December aged sixty-three; Patsy Smart (who played the ghoulish old crone in Part One of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*) died on 6th February.

Doctors Patrick Troughton's immediate post-*Doctor Who* performance as The Duke of Norfolk in *The Six Wives of Henry VIII* could be seen again in a recent UK Gold rerun.

Jon Pertwee appeared on *This Morning* on 26th February with a certain **DWM** editor and big-screen Susan, Roberta Tovey. He also appeared at the launch party for the Peugeot 406, in a chat with Judi Spiers on Radio 2's Debbie Thrower show discussing *The Ghosts of N-Space* and at an evening bash on BBC1's *Noel's Telly Years* for a look at 1979. He also provided the *My Choice* column for 27th January-2nd February issue of the *Radio Times*.

Tom Baker narrated ITV's *The Diary of Jack the Ripper* on 20th February. Tom's portrayal of Sherlock Holmes in the Barry Letts-produced and Terrance Dicks-script-edited *The Hound of the Baskervilles* was shown in a late night slot by UK Gold during February.

Peter Davison plays Tony Wendice on tour in Frederick Knott's classic *Dial M For Murder* until 11th May, with visits to Norwich, Aberdeen, Southend, Bradford, Guildford, Barnstaple and Darlington. Davison has recorded the leading role in *Cuts*, the comedy-drama adapted by David Nobbs from Malcolm Bradbury's novella.

Colin Baker stars as loopy fish and chip shop owner Tom in the Richard Digance play *Fear of Frying* which commences a tour on 6th May at the Epsom Playhouse. Colin can be heard advertising Club 50-90 holiday company Saga in post offices.

Sylvester McCoy was one of the guests on the recent series of *Rab C Nesbitt* on BBC2.

Paul McGann starred as Gulf War SAS Corporal Chris Ryan in the controversial LWT drama *The One That Got Away* on 18th February. Two plays he recorded for Radio 4 were broadcast on the 24th, with roles as the metaphysical poet John Donne in *Campion's Ghost* and Ged in *Stolen Kisses*. McGann's performance as Marwood in *Withnail & I* can be re-savoured thanks to the film's tenth anniversary reissue both at the cinema and on video.

"I'm excellent, thank you."

Theatre Doctor and Cyberleader par excellence David Banks plays Max, the Head of News in L!VE TV's regular soap opera *Canary Wharf* about a fictitious TV station.

Companions Maureen O'Brien played Sister Bridget in Episode One of BBC1's psychological thriller *The Sculptress* on 24th February.

Katy Manning made a surprise but highly amusing appearance on *Ruby Wax Meets . . .* on 18th February turning up alongside her old friend Liza Minnelli – Katy was as daft as a brush!

Elisabeth Sladen played Dr Pat Hewland in an ITV *Peak Practice* episode on 27th February.

Louise Jameson's series *Stick With Me Kid* (first reported two years ago) has received its UK premiere on The Disney Channel.

John Leeson and Mat Irvine voiced and controlled K9 when he appeared throughout the 11th February edition of BBC1's *The 11th Hour*.

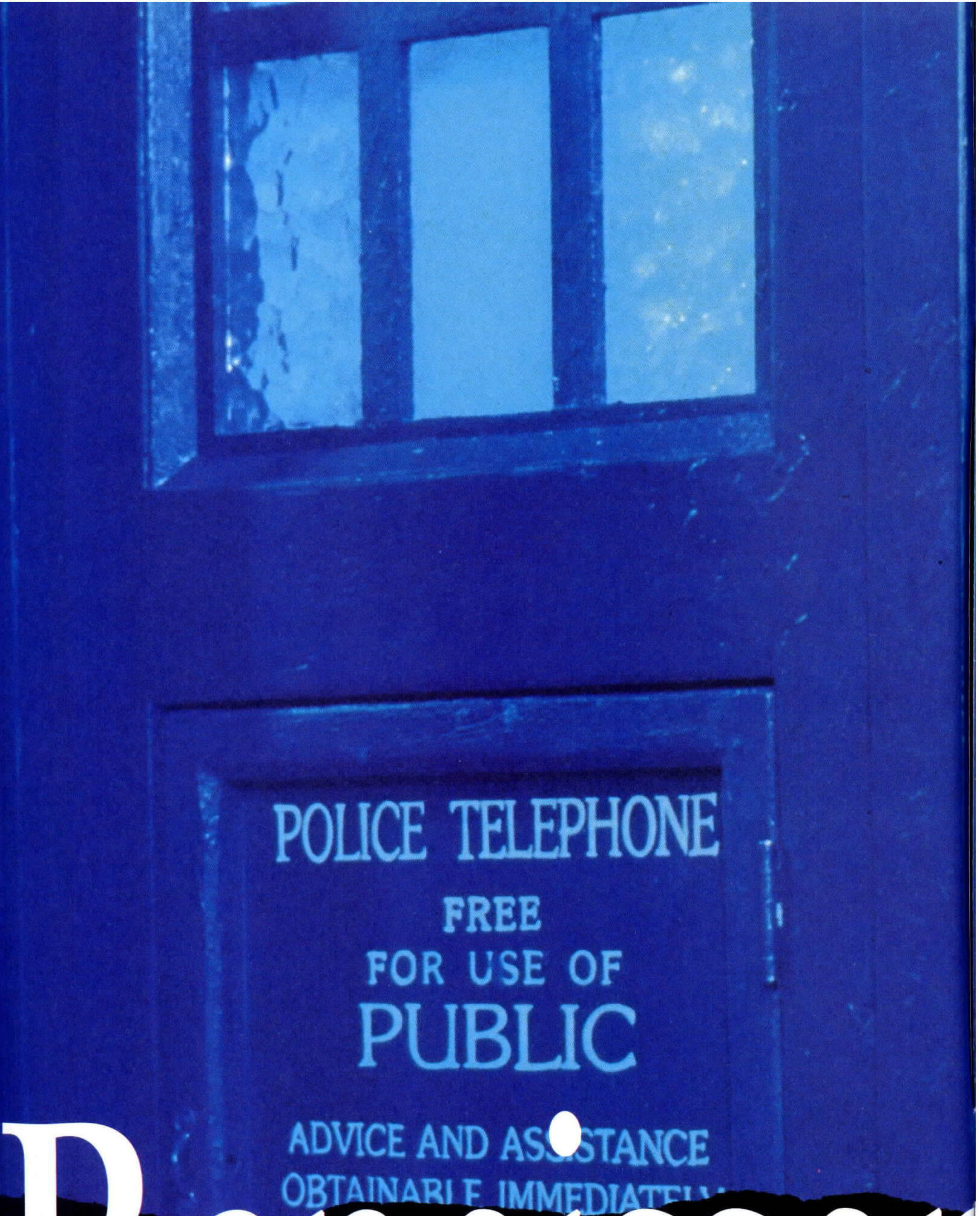
Original *Cats* cast member Bonnie Langford rejoined former colleagues at the New London Theatre to celebrate the show's musical record-breaking 6,141st London performance on 29th January.

Sophie Aldred featured on BBC2's *Jackanory* on 3rd March.

Directors The first series of *The New Statesman* began a repeat run on ITV from 3rd March featuring one Geoffrey Sax behind the cameras.

Miscellaneous Designer Tony Burrough and costume designer James Acheson were nominated for 1995 Oscars for their work on *Richard III* and *Restoration* respectively.

Dominic May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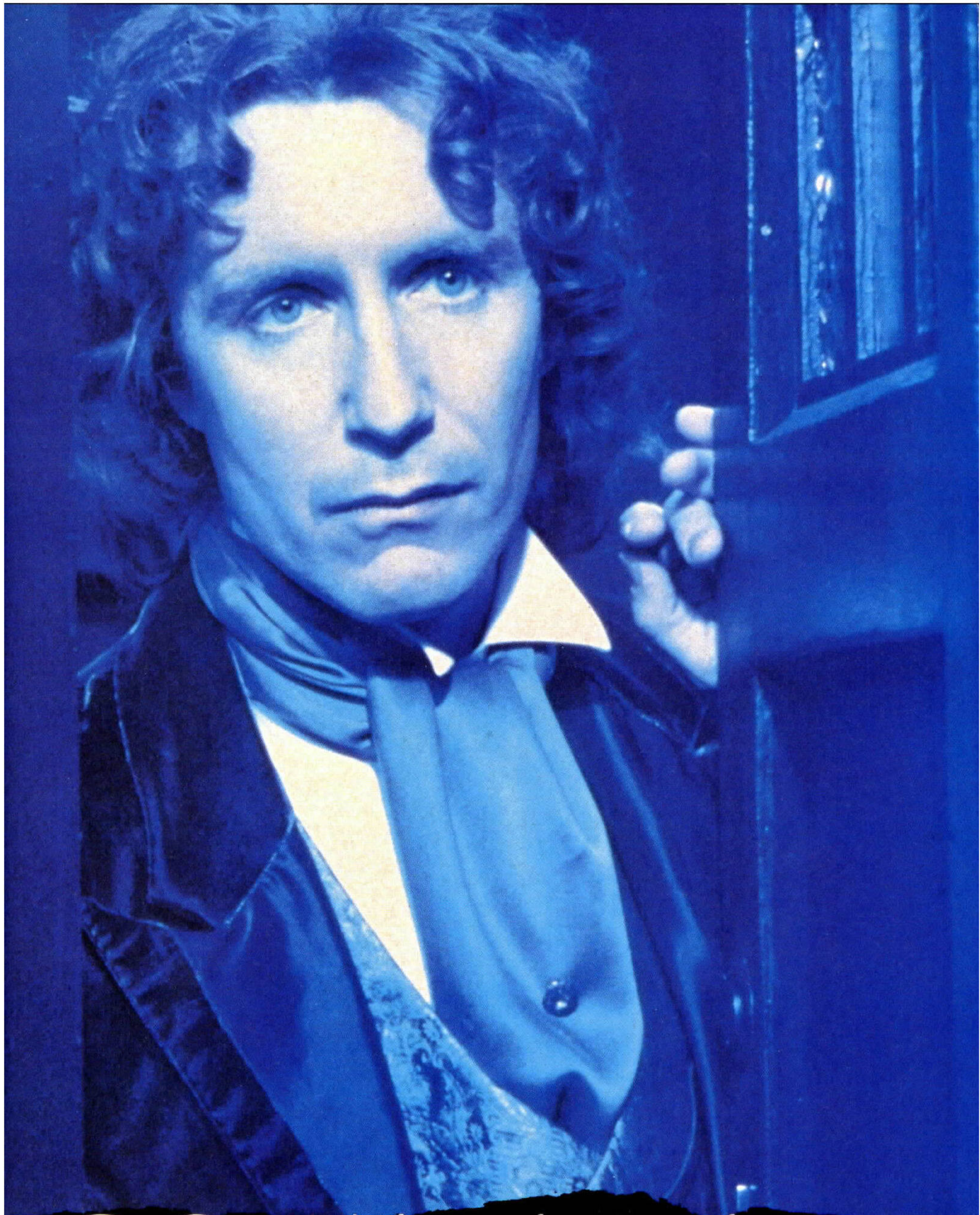

Renaissance

In the first part of a major new feature, **Gary Gillatt** reports from the set of the new *Doctor Who* adventure and talks to the leading members of the cast and crew . . .

The chamber is enormous: as silent and sinister as a crypt. It seems to be constructed entirely from stained and blackened stone. A broad staircase rises up to a balcony supported on gothic pillars as thick as tree trunks. What little light there is filters through dark stained-glass windows set high in the walls.

I turn and move towards the centre of the hall. Steps lead up to a wide octagonal dias – perhaps a tomb or a sacrificial altar – with a huge granite sphere set into its centre, its surface crazed with cracks and finely-carved scrollwork; perhaps a Celtic symbol of power, or the veins of a giant stone eye . . .

I'm interrupted by a sudden noise: the grinding of hinges as a heavy door at the far end of the room swings open. I jump down from the plinth – perhaps I shouldn't have been up there? Have I disturbed the business of this place?

The round, friendly face of a young woman appears around the door. She has a clipboard in one hand, while the other presses a head-set speaker to one ear.

"Excuse me," she says, smiling, "would you mind coming outside? We want to use this set now."

"Of course, I don't want to be in the way," I gush as I follow her out of the TARDIS Cloister Room . . .

. . . and into a far larger hanger-like space. I look back to see thick wooden joists supporting a looming wall of chipboard and timber. High overhead, staples and tape fasten scraps of transluscent coloured paper over a balsa-wood fretwork – the secret of the ersatz stained-glass. Spotlights dangle from tall tripods, throwing red and yellow light through these 'windows'. Bundles of cable snake up the frame over the top of the wall and down to the cameras clustered on the balcony inside. It's a remarkable set; four-walled, solid and completely convincing: no wobbling bannisters or flapping doors here.

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At the far end of this enormous studio facility stands a second giant set – the TARDIS Control Room, dominated by the steel spider-like frame of the main console. I daren't even attempt to capture the scale and mood of this set in words. Suffice to say that *Doctor Who* has never looked as convincing and, well, as beautiful as this before . . .

I circle back to the 'outside' of the Cloister Room, passing the TARDIS exterior prop on the way. Its dimensions are quickly compared against the image seared into my memory through years of being a *Doctor Who* fan. I know that, deep down, I'm trying to find fault. Can they get the details right after all these years? Can all the necessary research have been done? Surely they haven't got the correct wording on the door panel?

Oh. They have.

Casual viewers or the general public will scoff at the *Doctor Who* fan's obsession with details. We all know, of course, that these trimmings and trivialities don't ultimately matter. *Doctor Who* is a style, a frame-of-mind, not a list of facts or dimensions. But still, it's very satisfying when things are 'right', however we each individually define the term. This is 'right' for me.

Technicians, floor assistants, assistant directors and dozens of other staff criss-cross my path. Everyone is very busy and focused. I drove from downtown Vancouver to this out-of-town facility with various members of the British national press, so meandering around the set today, hoping to chat to members of the cast, are representatives of such mass-circulation titles as the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Express*, *Radio Times* and, er . . . ***Doctor Who Magazine***. Security on set is water-tight – I was, for example, instructed not to bring a camera – and the demanding schedule leaves little time for the cast and crew to indulge in such niceties as interviews or photocalls, so few reporters have been granted access. It was only through the good offices of BBC Video and BBC Worldwide that **DWM** secured a place in the party.

It's the last few days of the shoot and, appropriately enough, the sequences being filmed are those that form the exciting climax of the movie. The stars have no need to act their exhaustion in these scenes – saving the world in twenty-four hours is almost certainly less tiring than pretending to do so every day for more than a month.

I'm allowed to watch some of the filming, but there's no point in describing the action. The overall impression, however, was of a dedicated and loyal team working incredibly hard to produce a hit film, to capture the spirit of *Doctor Who* and to have a good time doing so.

Fun though it was to see the film being made, I also had work to do, and a long list of people I wanted to interview. My main workplace for the visit was to be an airless, formica-lined meeting room above the studio, borrowed for the day from Spelling Television. As a venue, it was grim, airless and oozed melancholia. The people I met in there, however, brought the place to life with their friendliness and good humour. This, I hope, will come across when, over the next few issues, you meet them as well. We begin, of course, with . . .

DR. WHO
OFFICE PARKING

‘The Doctor’
Paul McGann

When Paul McGann enters the room he looks absolutely exhausted. After I'm introduced to him, he wipes his palm on his costume shirt and shakes my hand. He half turns, then pauses and looks at me sideways.

"It wasn't you who wrote that open letter to me in *The Independent* newspaper when I got the job, was it?" I admit that it was. "In that case, I want to shake your hand again. Thanks, mate, that was really generous of you. That was faxed to me by the BBC when I first arrived. I was bewildered and jet-lagged and I wasn't sure what I'd got myself into – but that made me feel really welcome." He stares at me for a moment, his eyes wide and searching. "Yeah. That was great."

I'm more than a little embarrassed to have been caught writing my first fan letter, so I suggest that he might like to sit down, given how demanding his last scene had appeared. He nods slowly and slumps down on one of the plastic chairs.

I ask Paul if, apart from being very tired, he is enjoying himself. He smiles as he pauses to think, then just says "Yeah," very quietly and sincerely.

"Yeah . . . we *are* enjoying ourselves. We're knackered now, because we can just about see the end of it. It's been great and they –" he waves a hand in the direction of the producers' offices, "they all seem very pleased with it."

Have all the days been as long as this one? "Days! If only it had just been days! There's been this constant switching from day-work to night shoots, that's been the worst thing of all. I've just been completely out of synch all the time. I was jet-lagged to start with as well. It seems ludicrous, but I arrived with jet-lag and I've never got over it. That's been the hardest part of it."

It seems that he's been plunged right into the *meleé* of production and that, presumably, he didn't have a long time to decide whether or not *Doctor Who* was for him. "Well, I first heard about it – the fact that a new *Doctor Who* film project was knocking around – about two years ago. That's when I heard it was going to be real, that there was a good chance it would be going into production, and that they were seeing people for the role and going through all the official processes. I went down to see them like everyone else."

Was he keen?

"No, not really. It wasn't *right*, it wasn't quite . . ." He searches for the word and then gives up before being more direct. "I had to be more or less dragged in there. I didn't feel that I was 'it', if you know what I mean."

So when did it become 'right'?

"Over the course of the months, I think. There were people like Phil Segal, the executive producer, and Pete Wagg, the original co-producer who had been been trying to pull it together for years, who were very keen, and they kept asking." He laughs when I ask if they basically wore him down. "I suppose they did in a way!"

Paul suddenly sits up straight and fixes me with a piercing, near-hypnotic stare. I'm struck with an overwhelming sensation of *deja vu*, and immediately recall the first time I met Tom Baker. "Initially I didn't feel up to it. It was something that I couldn't do. I mean, I do what *I* do. I just couldn't see myself in the role."

I suggest that at first glance the Doctor is quite a big character, but one that's sketched in very broad strokes. He's almost like a cartoon character – there's not really a lot there to break down and analyse. Paul nods his agreement. "There was those elements to consider, certainly. Being British and having grown up in Britain you couldn't see past that, see past the character as he's been represented – that collective popular understanding of what the Doctor is like. So not only was I not convinced that I could hack it, I also couldn't see how they could make it seem remotely interesting for me. I think it was because the names that were being bandied round, pop stars and celebrities rather than actors, created a certain impression about the type of person who would be playing the Doctor. I didn't see that I could fit in with the expectation that a known eccentric should play the part. Much as I loved Doctor Who as a kid, I felt I could no sooner play him than I could play, say, Prince Charles. As I said, it's just not what I do.

During Paul's answer, a production assistant has been hovering behind him. The reason for this becomes clear when he is called away to film. He smiles and shrugs his shoulders resignedly. "Excuse me," he says as he leaves, "I've just got to go and save the world." I wander along behind him and watch the action.

About half-an-hour of tumbling around the TARDIS' cloister room later, Paul can spare some more time. We go back to the interview room and he flops down heavily in his chair again. I ask him how the showdown is going.

"I'm losing!" he moans as his head slips into his folded arms, signifying that he is coming off worst in his battles, both with exhaustion and the Master.

He looks up. "We've been on that scene for six hours now. It's a good scene though!"

> "Excuse me, I've just got to go and save the world."

I ask if that was his last work for the day, hoping, for his sake, that it is. He smiles tightly and shakes his head. "The problem is that Eric [Roberts, who plays the Master] finishes on Friday, a few days before everyone else, so the cameras are on him at the moment. We've got to shoot a version of all his scenes by tomorrow. We'll do the reverses later, shooting around him, the rest of us acting with his ghost, as it were."

Paul had said that he never felt that *Doctor Who* was for him. "Yeah. I suppose I just couldn't see the possibilities. You're right about the cartoonish element. It was Segal and Wagg that tipped the balance, I think – their passion for it, the depths of their feelings – they swayed me really, convincing me of the possibilities, the things we could do. Basically I came round when I actually allowed myself to entertain the idea."

I suggest that, within certain boundaries, there is an almost infinite number of ways to play the Doctor. "Absolutely. Sylvester McCoy put it well when he told me that I was basically on a hiding to nothing. He said that some people would love me and some people would hate me, but everyone has their own view of what the Doctor should be like and you can't please all of them. He told me that I can't really win but I can't really fail either. And to think that I was playing Jesus at the time! Not wanting to sound like John Lennon, but in terms of the job, the role, there are elements of the same thing. You can't really win playing Jesus either – some people will always say your performance is too trendy or too traditional or too something else.

"I'm just finding my feet as I go along. At this stage it's a one-off anyway. If the thing does get picked up as a series then I'll be able to get my teeth into him."

Other Doctors have said that putting on the costume has helped them to find their version of the character. "It always does, especially the shoes. The old saying that putting the shoes on helps you find the character is absolutely true. It's quite clever how I get the costume. The film is set over a couple of nights; New Year's Eve and the night before. In fact, a lot of it takes place at night, which is why I'm so tired from all the night-shooting we've done. So it's nearly New Year and I've regenerated and I wake up just wearing a shroud. I look through these lockers and there are all these party clothes in there, and this is the one that I choose. Actually, there's a nice touch added for the fans in that scene, because there's another outfit in one of the lockers that I consider but then reject. The show is full of little nods to the old series – there's lots of the old icons in there.

"From then on I'm trying to find out who I am. In playing the Doctor it's been hard trying to find the right level. I spend half of the film not knowing who I am, so the character's not even there. It's a learning process."

I wondered if much had been added to the script as Paul, Sylvester, director Geoffrey Sax and everyone else began to work with it. "The thing with the script is that we've got pink pages, blue pages, green pages – every colour of page. Each colour is for the changes that are made on a particular day – it's changing all the time. It's strange, I don't know if it's something that's peculiar to this place, but it's always an on-going thing.

"We felt it was important to get over the first few days – to get a good start. For the first few days we filmed it was just Daphne and I. She plays a medical doctor who the Doctor has to convince that he's genuine; he's basically trying to say, 'I'm the man you killed last night.' For some

Above:
The Doctor (Paul McGann) comes to terms with his new body.

Left:
Grace Holloway (Daphne Ashbrook) examines the newly regenerated Doctor.
Photos © BBC Video

Top: Paul McGann and Sylvester McCoy relax during filming.

Above right: The Doctor (Paul McGann) and Grace Holloway (Daphne Ashbrook) at the Millennium party.

Above: The Doctor and Grace on the run. Photos © BBC Video

reason she lets him into her house – I don't know why, I guess she must be crazy or something. It's the scenes in her house that we did first, and it was a very good place to start. The thing about Geoffrey Sax is that there's a kind of shorthand between us – it's probably his quite British way of directing – so I feel quite an affinity with him. He also stopped us all from taking it too seriously, which was a big help. In the first few days of any new film you tend to be a bit too ardent. So we kind of sent the thing up a little bit as we tried to find the right level – and that seemed to work."

I observe that in the past, Paul has done a lot of quite major and critically-acclaimed work; most controversially *The Monocled Mutineer*, but also such popular films as *Withnail and I*. When I ask if he thinks that playing the Doctor will affect the kind of work he is offered in the future, he pauses; it's obviously something he's thought about before. "Well, frankly, it'll be great if it takes off, because I'll be offered more work. That's the first consideration – I won't be sitting on my arse as much as I used to. As for the type of work . . . I don't know, it's hard to say. This is the pilot film, putatively anyway, and who knows where it's going to go. The production team have been very selective, looking at things and ideas and maybe saying, 'Well that ain't working, let's drop that.' We're trying to prepare for an audience we don't know. So we've no idea where we're all going to be a year from now . . . But that doesn't really answer your question, does it? You see, I'm not conditioned to think that far ahead. I go out of my mind if I try to do that.

"Talking about what it's like being an actor is not very interesting to anyone who's not an actor, but there are lots of small things that make this project interesting. For example, this sort of thing is usually on 16mm film, but this is on 35mm. It's great; it's a good experience for someone coming from Britain."

There's a romantic *frisson* between the Doctor and his new friend and ally, Grace Holloway, in the film. "Yes. This has been a sore point, hasn't it? I wasn't aware actually that there had never been a . . . that there was never a . . . I mean, you can tell me; has the Doctor never had a snog?"

Never.

"So is it going to get the fans' backs up?"

I suggest that it's going to raise a few eyebrows, but many fans will appreciate that the series has changed many times before and it can change again.

He frowns. "For a kick-off, the first kiss isn't a licentious thing; it's all very innocent – the Doctor has just realised who he is, he's jubilant and gives Grace a kiss. That's all it is. If there's going to be some sort of emotional side to the Doctor that comes to the fore, then it gives the whole film another level."

The popular press has been full of stories about the Doctor finally 'getting his leg over.' "Well, we know where that came from. The papers are getting hold of our one-line schedules, which detail each scene we're shooting with just one sentence. And there's a scene where Grace has to hit me over a head with a neutron ram which is written as 'Grace bonks the Doctor'. So this goes back to Britain and . . ."

We laugh and chat about the Doctor's sex life, or lack thereof, for a while, before I try to change the subject. I ask if the Doctor and his companion are more equal partners in this film than has been the case in *Doctor Who* before. "I guess so. We recently filmed the last scene of the film, which is just the Doctor and Grace, and there is a kind of parity there. They are equals and I think that's better – it certainly plays better."

Everyone on the studio floor seems very focused, very dedicated. "That's certainly true. The good feedback we've had has helped. It's all been contingent on whether the 'Big Cheeses' like it. That's the impression I get anyway. The pressure's really on. We were still getting flowers until a couple of days ago, so if that's any indication . . ."

Flowers from the BBC? "No, from Hollywood." A BBC Worldwide representative in the room mentions that they faxed. "Oh, that'll do. Just send us a fax every now and again!"

So there's a good vibe from the top brass? "We're getting a good vibe and we're having a good laugh doing it."

Paul's family have accompanied him to Vancouver. What do his kids think about him being the Doctor?

"It's funny, I was thinking about this the other day. My eldest son is probably about the same age as I was when the series started. And, of course, no-one has made any *Doctor Who* for a good six or seven years, so *I* am Doctor Who to them. There's no comparisons they can make."

Paul has an interesting agent; Janet Fielding, who played Tegan, a companion to Tom Baker and Peter Davison's Doctors. Did she have any words of advice? "Oh yes, but it's all fairly confidential."

I wonder if the words 'Don't do it' had possibly passed her lips? Paul grins at me broadly and then laughs.

Still, I venture, this production must be a world apart from the series Janet worked on. Surely Sylvester has remarked on that as well? "Sylvester was the first one on the phone when I took the job. He knew because he was going to be in the film as well. It all blew his mind when he got out here. But he was very forthcoming and full of advice. He does the whole circuit, the conventions and so forth. He tells me that at first he'd never seen anything like it."

Doctor Who conventions generally possess a very friendly atmosphere, though. Would he consider attending one? "Frankly, the thought of it fills me with absolute dread. Really, the magnitude of this whole *Doctor Who* thing is only just beginning to sink in, the people and things involved. It's good in a way, though, there's a lot of people that care a lot – for quite a big group I'm suddenly a star, there are thousands of people I'm suddenly really important to. But feelings do seem to run very high. People take it all deadly seriously, which is strange because it's actually quite a light and witty programme."

"The first kiss isn't a licentious thing; it's all very innocent."

Paul comes from a famous acting family. How do his brothers feel about him taking the role? "I haven't spoken to them. I dropped one of them a line as a courtesy, just for the jip he's going to get. It's already happened in the street, Joe is appearing in London in the West End at the moment and people keep congratulating him in the street."

But surely Paul must get, 'Oooh, I loved you in that thing with Honor Blackman' as well? "We all get it. We all get credit for each other's work. That's why it was a courtesy for me to tip him off."

Other than *Give Us a Break*, Paul has never done a long-running television series. He was lined up to do *Sharpe* and then . . . "I actually started in it but couldn't complete it. I played a game of football and got hurt. It obviously wasn't meant to be. I couldn't work for months, but it taught me never to get into games of football with producers."

Paul has already had some experience of being part of a long-running cult: his film, *Withnail and I*, has loyal followers capable of reciting almost the entire script. And now, ten years later, it's back in the cinemas again . . .

"I'm so pleased. *So* pleased. My agent rang this morning to say the film is packed out in London. I've also heard this great story that Penrith town council have had an emergency meeting to do something about the flow of students who are turning up there and tying plastic bags around their feet and pottering around the hillside. It ain't that easy on the eye, you know!"

But hasn't he been on the receiving end of cultism there, and isn't that good preparation for what Sylvester called 'the *Doctor Who* circuit'? "It has been quite nice. Look at what it is; everyone loves it, it's gentle and funny. People are loyal to it but not fanatical."

But surely it must be difficult to go into a pub and have a quiet drink without . . . "The barman reciting lines? 'Ice in the cider' or whatever that line is? Yeah, I get that." And he smiles as if it's the first time it's ever happened? "Absolutely! Gracious as ever. As I say, I rather like that mood though, it's something I love to be associated with. It would be awful to be tied to something that you hated, something that was lousy – it must be awful. I'm glad I've got *Withnail*."

But would a *Withnail and I* convention terrify him? "Pretty much, yes. I'm not really Mr Showbiz, I don't even live in London. I guess I've just got to toughen up and get into the idea. Some people can do it naturally; McCoy can, for instance. He can just get up there and entertain an audience, impromptu, for an hour or more. I just can't do that. It must be genetic or something, I just feel it's beyond me."

I try to steer our conversation back to the film before we run out of time. I ask if the script has demanded that he memorise difficult jargon. "There's one or two shopping lists of stuff. It gets difficult when you have to say it twenty-odd times. You've watched us filming, you've seen how many times we run through a scene. Eventually you just can't forget the lines."

Did Paul know that Eric Roberts was playing the Master when he signed his contract? "No. It may have been contingent on them getting me. They tend to try to balance certain things. I mean, if the Doctor had have been a different colour, or shorter or taller, they may have wanted a different type for the Master. The only thing I knew at the start was that McCoy was in it."

Tom Baker always felt that, even out of costume, there was pressure on him to behave in a certain way. As the Doctor, on-screen or off, he felt that children would be looking to him as a role-model. Did Paul now feel an obligation to set a good example?

"Its a funny area, isn't it? In the past I've been a bit wary of doing TV work. I've tried to be as sparing as I can with the telly. Particularly after doing the *The Monocled Mutineer*. I'm immensely proud of being involved with that, but it had quite an effect on people. Down the years people have come up to me all the time and congratulated me for doing it and said they agreed with what it had to say. But it created such a *fervour*. As I said, I'm proud to have been involved with it and also agreed with everything it was saying, but it really opened my eyes. I'm now very conscious of the effect that telly can have on people.

"Since I accepted *Doctor Who*, I have come to realise that I would be taking all that on again. I knew I'd have an effect on lots of people, and especially on children. It is a responsibility. But I thought that if I was going to do telly, I may as well do the biggest telly. And there's no doubt the biggest telly is *Doctor Who*."

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Below: The Doctor watches Grace at work. Photo © BBC Video

The Director

Geoffrey Sax

Left: Geoffrey Sax directs Sylvester McCoy's last moments as the Doctor. Photo © BBC Video

Geoffrey Sax doesn't greet me with enthusiasm, but I know I mustn't take it personally. He seems slightly anxious; I sense that he does not enjoy giving interviews and would prefer to be left to get on with his job. If you bumped into him in the street you would assume him to be a respected and popular family doctor or geography teacher. In conversation, he takes time to choose his words carefully – rephrasing his comments two or three times before settling on a final statement he is happy with. This precision, this constant monitoring of the effect that he is creating, is very indicative of his manner on the studio floor; soft-spoken, calm and completely in control.

I compliment him on the quality of the sets, and the dark and atmospheric look of the sequence I had watched. He tells me that it's quite representative of the production as a whole. "I hope it's going to have a very modern look; it's gritty, very fast-paced and very much a film of the Nineties, but still trying very much to hold onto the ethos of *Doctor Who* as we knew it. Obviously we're trying to appeal to a new audience who hasn't seen it before, and it has to be accessible to them. At the same time, I was very keen when I came on board – and I wouldn't have taken the assignment unless it could be guaranteed – to make sure that it still maintained the spirit of *Doctor Who*. So it keeps some of the references that those familiar with the show will recognise, but at the same time they are references that a new audience can gradually be made to understand."

The sets look very dark and spooky, rather than hi-tech. "Yes, I wouldn't call it hi-tech. The TARDIS has been designed very much like it was, but there is a lot of old-fashioned bits and pieces in there; it's run by valves and transistors rather than silicon chips, that sort of technology. Information is flashed up on a very old black-and-white television set."

I ask Geoffrey if he could sum up the basic tone of the new story. "If I had to call it anything at all, I would probably call it a comedy thriller. I think that the original *Doctor Who* had an awful lot of humour in it, and an awful lot of humanity – and that's what we're trying to keep. But at the same time I'd like to think that the audience are going to be scared at times, and they're going to laugh at times. The trick is in juxtaposing those two disciplines."

What are they going to be scared by? "They're going to be scared by the Doctor's old nemesis, the Master, and the evil that he does. He has inveigled his way into the TARDIS in a new, scary form, but when he reaches Earth he takes over the body of an innocent bystander. The Master finds a new body at around the same time the Doctor does, and then they are locked in conflict through the rest of the piece."

Geoffrey had worked for the BBC during the Eighties, on such staple Drama Department fare as *Bergerac* and *Lovejoy*. "Yes, I'd done all those. *Doctor Who* was part of that department, but it never really entered my life at that stage. I had, like everybody else, been aware of it from childhood. But I never directed any when I worked for the BBC, it just never worked out that way. At one point I was approached to do some, probably in John Nathan-Turner's time, I can't remember well enough to be sure. But the dates were never right."

Jo Wright is the executive producer on the new film for BBC Worldwide. I had noticed from Geoffrey's CV that he had worked with her on a *Lovejoy Christmas Special* a few years ago. Was that how he came to be involved with the new production? "No, that was pure coincidence. I was looking for projects in England and just getting offered everything with policemen in it – I mean every single script was about policemen, usually a middle-aged policeman who enjoys the better things in life and is much misunderstood. So I was busy turning down those sorts of scripts just as Jo Wright called me and said that she was going to Los Angeles to sign on *Doctor Who*. I said, 'Oh, very interesting,' but she was actually asking me to recommend some restaurants – I'd lived in Los Angeles so she wanted my local knowledge. So when I eventually got the call from the production office I assumed it was because of her influence. However, it turned out it wasn't, I was contacted because they liked some work I'd done in America, and they had then asked Jo is she knew me. So it was just a coincidence."

The formal press announcement that the film was going into production came in early January, so the lead-up time must have been very short. "I joined just before Christmas, so it's been an incredibly quick run-up period."

I wondered if he had brought another angle to the production after he'd begun work on it. Had he heightened the humour, for instance? "Not exactly. What I find is that if you've got words like – and this is no criticism of the script, I think it's a very good script – if you have a character saying words like, 'If we don't do this, that or the other, then the universe will cease to exist as we know it,' then you've got to be careful. If it's said portentiously then a lot of people are going to say, 'Oh, please!' Whereas if the Doctor and Grace are arguing and he's

essentially saying 'You've got to believe me, you've got to believe me,' and she's not believing him then they're almost having an argument about it – that's where the fun comes in. If you play it like that, where she thinks he's completely nuts, then you can say those things and I think you can get away with it. It will make people laugh but at the same time you're keeping a clock on it and keeping it fast."

Eric Roberts seems to be revelling in playing such an uncompromisingly evil villain. "The thing about Eric is that he can be very frightening, but he still keeps it within the framework of *Doctor Who*. He's not camp or anything like that, he's genuinely scary. There is a scene where he is trying to get one of the other characters into his thrall; he's pretending to be very nice, but we as the audience know who he really is. There's a lot of fun in those scenes where he's trying to convince this boy, Chang Lee, that he's good and it's the Doctor that's evil. Eric really does make a marvellous villain."

Was that casting in place when Geoffrey joined? "No, it wasn't, and yes, I was heavily involved in that. There was a list of possibles. I'd seen Eric's work and I was very excited when we discussed the idea. I didn't think we were going to get him, but we did."

> **"I'd like to feel that if this had been an entirely BBC production then this would still have been the story we'd have done."**

Was there any other particular aspect of the film that has delighted Geoffrey? "Part of the fun the audience will have with this is that they know the lead character is who he says he is, but everyone else disbelieves him – that's the frustration. The audience will enjoy being ahead of the other characters, so that we know he's telling the truth when he says he's a Time Lord, but to everyone else – listening logically to what he's saying – he could easily be taken as being barking mad. But for Grace, there's a time when scary things start to happen and she starts to question whether she believes him or not. That's the fun of the whole piece; it would work as a thriller even it wasn't about Time Lords and time travel. It's like in any thriller, if you've got somebody that, for example, the audience knows is really an axe-murderer, but the other characters aren't aware of it – it's that kind of genre. Even if it wasn't *Doctor Who*, if it was called something else, it would still hold up as a story. I hope that many people who wouldn't normally see themselves as being interested in science fiction will see this and think it was really good storytelling, and it will hopefully hook them. If we've done our jobs right, it should hook people from the very beginning and draw them in."

I wondered if he'd been influenced by modern television science fiction and fantasy; *Star Trek:Voyager*, *Babylon 5* and so forth. Paul McGann has said that the Doctor and Grace are 'equals' in the film; has their relationship been modelled on that of Mulder and Scully in *The X Files*, for example? "I don't know what will happen to their relationship if this is taken as a series. I haven't been involved with any discussions about that, but I think that their relationship is so strong in this, and that Daphne Ashbrook has such a tremendous sense of comic timing – or just simply timing – that they should seriously consider using her in a series. Also, Paul's Doctor is unique, and I think he's going to set a new standard. He's a very modern figure, he seems very much to be a character of the Nineties to me.

"As for other influences . . . I think you are naturally influenced by what's going on today, and that a whole new audience is going to expect a certain standard in things like effects, and they're going to expect a certain look. Nowadays you have to work very hard to keep up – even with films that are costing ten times as much as this. There's still an expectation there and you can't say to an audience, 'Sorry, we didn't have that sort of budget.' You've got to try and do things cleverly and keep people interested by keeping it alive and keeping it fast-paced.

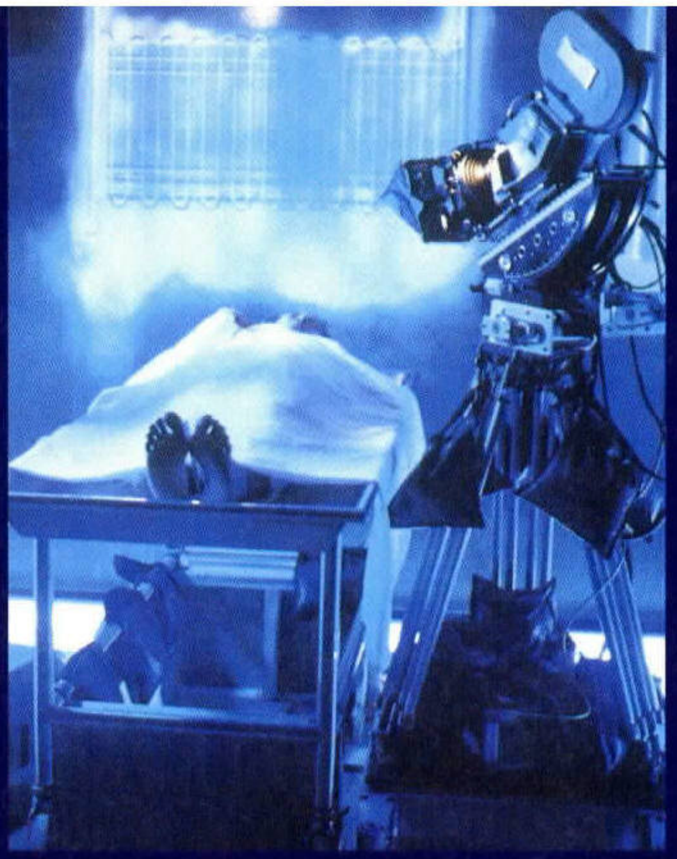
"There's a pretty spectacular chase using a motorcycle and an ambulance. But there, as in all of these things, all of the action sequences, I've tried to keep it character-driven. Again, we can't keep up with Schwarzenegger films – we haven't got that sort of money. It's also more fun for the audience if they can get to know the characters, rather than just getting to see huge car wrecks, which are two-a-penny nowadays, anyway. We want to keep them on the edge of their seats by keeping them involved with, and concerned about, the characters."

So is it quite an action-packed film? "I wouldn't say there were broad strokes of action. It really is a race against time, so as the story progresses the tempo builds and builds."

I point out that it certainly seems to be on a much bigger scale than viewers have been treated to before. "It is on a bigger scale because we've been fortunate to have a bit more money than the show has been traditionally allocated. But I think it's all for the good of the film, rather than us simply saying, 'We've got a lot of money, let's show off.'

Below left and right:
Geoffrey Sax directs Daphne Ashbrook and Paul McGann in two scenes from the new *Doctor Who* movie.
Photos © BBC Video

Right: The cameras line to film the Doctor's regeneration. Photo © BBC Video



I wouldn't have done it if I thought the programme was just going to be blown-up for the sake of it and have the fun and integrity of it destroyed. I'd have turned it down and done a series about policemen.

"We're in luck because Trevor Walton, who is in charge of features at Fox, is British. Phil Segal, the executive producer who has brought this project to life, is British. Matthew Jacobs, the writer, is British and I'm British. So we've all been very keen to keep it as it was. I really don't think it's lost any of that English charm at all, and I've been keeping a very careful eye on that. It's going to be just as quirky as it was, and the lead character just as unpredictable and interesting. The Americans have been very co-operative. The reason that they bought into it is because they knew *Doctor Who* had been a success in Britain, and why tamper with a success? I'd like to feel that if this had been an entirely BBC production then this would still have been the story we'd have done."

The film had quite a short pre-production period, and a lot of staff were in place and already at work when Geoffrey joined the team. "The sets were all under construction, and I was a bit nervous about hearing that, because a director likes to have an impact on all aspects of the production. But when I got here I saw that it was all so good, and so visually appealing, that I was very happy with it. There were certain locations they had short-listed which I asked to be changed, but as soon as I was brought in they were very, very accommodating and really, they've given me almost everything I've asked for. I mean, I've asked for cranes and other equipment to do special shots and I've got them. Normally you have to barter for that kind of thing. They've been very creative with their money and how they put it on the screen. It really is extraordinary what we're getting on the screen. As you've seen, the sets don't belong on a movie of this kind of budget – you'd only expect to see sets like that on a major feature film."

And if this 'new-look' *Doctor Who* becomes a weekly series, would Geoffrey be interested in working on it? "I don't know, it would depend on what I was doing; if there are specials then I think I would try and do them. This is a pilot, it's a trial – no matter how brilliant it is, if the audience isn't there then they won't do any more. It'll go to video, go on television and live happily ever after.

"I hope there's a huge audience. I obviously have to believe in that, but we all think it's jolly good!" ◆

'Dr Grace Holloway'

Daphne Ashbrook

Right: Dr Grace Hollway (Daphne Ashbrook) prepares to operate on the injured Seventh Doctor (Sylvester McCoy).

Opposite page, above: The Doctor (Paul McGann) and Grace attempt to piece together the Time Lord's identity.

Opposite page, below: A portrait of Daphne Ashbrook as Dr Grace Holloway. Photos © BBC Video

To describe Daphne Ashbrook as merely 'vivacious' would be a criminal understatement. Still in her costume, she bounds into the interview room after a break is called in the shooting of the film's penultimate scene, and is happy to chat about *Doctor Who*, Grace Holloway and life in general. She is obviously enjoying herself and has what strikes me as a very healthy, laid-back attitude to the business of programme-making. I begin the interview by asking if she had any knowledge of *Doctor Who* before she came to the film. Soon after she starts speaking, I realise that my computer's exclamation-mark button is going to be taking a battering when I get home.

"I had knowledge of *Doctor Who* at all!" she says with a dazzling smile. "I had no idea! But my agent tipped me off and told me that it had been really big in England. So I just said 'Okay – whatever.'

"The tip-off came about a month before I actually began work. We started shooting here on about January 17th and I only found out that I was actually doing it two days before we started shooting."

Daphne's character has a major influence on the action. "I'm an eminent cardiologist and I kill Doctor Who! I'm operating on him and it all goes wrong – he's got two hearts, and I'm not used to that. He dies – *that* body dies – and he morphs. Then he ends up seeing me later in the hospital and he recognises the gown I was wearing during the operation. He ends up following me home, hoping that I'll be able to tell him who he his."

Former companions have complained about having to spend a significant proportion of their screen-time screaming. "I've got to do a lot of that. Oh yes. *Oooh* yes! I'm screaming all the time! In fact, in most of my lines I'm screaming – some really blood-curdling ones as well."

Geoffrey Sax had mentioned an action-packed motorcycle chase. Was Daphne involved in that? "Absolutely! I'm on the back of the bike! This is the most humiliating show I've ever been involved with; Second Unit is for my humiliation. You're just simulating everything and you feel like a schmuck. You're standing in front of a green screen trying to do a scene that you did a month ago, to the air, as you're spinning around slowly on a dish. It's embarrassing and it, like, really levels you out."

The mainstream press in Britain has been full of tales of a, shall we say, 'more physical' relationship between the Doctor and his female friend than is perhaps traditional. "Grace certainly finds the Doctor attractive. Oh! Absolutely! Yes! In the film my boyfriend leaves me because I abandon him at the opera to go and perform the operation and he's just had it with the relationship. Soon after that, I'm walking with the Doctor in the park and there's this ecstatic moment as the Doctor realises who he is and he says, 'My God! I know who I am!' and he hugs me and there's an accidental kiss. And Grace likes that!"

How do you *accidentally* kiss someone? "It's one of those moments where everyone's happy and it's just –" She kisses the air in an enthusiastic way. "It's like celebrating New Year with a stranger, you know? So there's this celebratory kiss and for Grace it's, 'Oh! Gosh!'" Daphne then mimes drawing her imaginary partner back to her by his tie.

So Grace is attracted to the Doctor, but is the feeling mutual? "Oh, I think so. He asks me to go with him at the end – it's all very romantic."

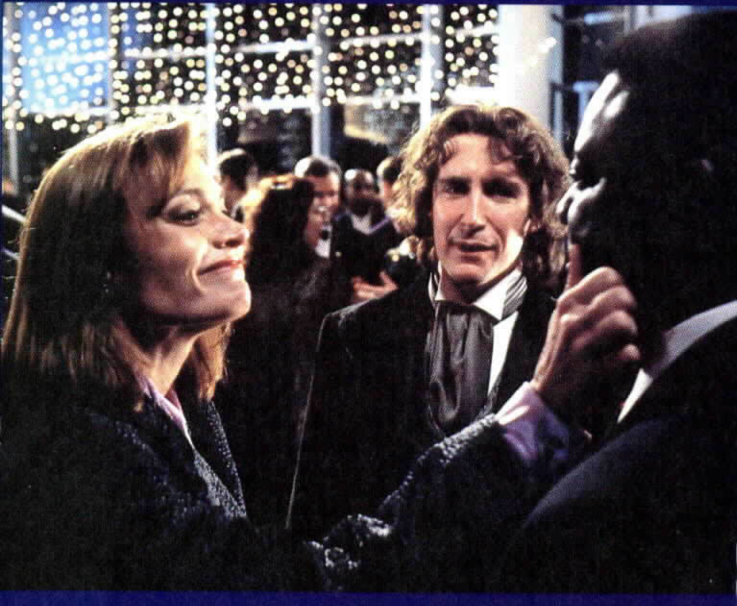
Realising that I'm perhaps getting a little obsessed with this point, I broaden the conversation by asking Daphne which part of the shoot has provided the most fun so far. Her enthusiastic grin flashes at me at again. "Actually the whole thing has been the best, I have to say that first. But there was a tiny little scene we shot yesterday. There are no more than three lines in the whole scene, but we're running for our lives down a corridor and we come to a dead end. We're stuck, but there happens to be a fire hose on the wall, an axe in a box and a ladder that leads up to the roof. The only other way is back the way we came, which is where the bad guys are. So we come running in and we panic and we're looking around, and then we grab this stuff and we don't really know why and we stop and look at each other and we suddenly both shout, 'The door!' and we figure it out – we work out how all this stuff can help us to escape – and it's just a quick, little funny scene, but it's one of those kinds of scenes that are just so fun to do. The physicality of it is just so enjoyable. And working with Paul is so easy – we don't have to do much rehearsal and we have it. It feels like we've worked together before, but we haven't."

So what sort of woman is Grace? "She's a Nineties woman all the way. She's very strong-willed and won't be encumbered – she'll do her own thing. She's an equal to him."

But she screams? "She does scream – but for a good reason! The Doctor screams too! In fact, I think the Master screams later on! You know, it's kind of life-and-death; the world is ending and there's lots of pain involved. Particularly in the scenes at the climax that we're filming now – Phew!"

Daphne's previous brush with science fiction was playing the wheelchair-bound Melora in an episode of *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*. I

"I'm an eminent cardiologist and I kill Doctor Who!"



Above: Grace Holloway and the Doctor attend the Millennium party in San Francisco.

Right: The Doctor and Grace take to two wheels.
Photos © BBC Video

wondered how working on that show had compared to working on *Doctor Who*. "Well, both crews were great, but the main difference is in the amount of rehearsal time you get, and the fun you have. I mean, you have so much more fun on *Doctor Who*. *Star Trek* was a grind – long hours, not much rehearsal for the performance, and you've got to get it right the first time; you only get a couple of takes at most. And you have to be very stiff, you've got to behave in the right manner for the show; it's very un-naturalistic and military. The costumes are the same. It's funny, I had a little romance with the doctor on that show as well. That's so weird!"

What kind of costume does she get to wear on *Doctor Who*? "Well, I'm wearing my opera gown when I first appear, and then later I change into this blouse and these trousers" – she tugs at her outfit, a smart purple and grey number – "for the rest of the show. There's the operating scrubs as well, of course. But the costume designer is a genius because everything has a lot of meanings to it – in the operating theatre the head-garb I wear makes me look like a nun – and what with the Doctor's resurrection and all . . . But basically I change into the costume I'm wearing now, we take a walk and then we're off and running for the rest of the show. There's a big coat that goes with it, which is great because we were so cold when we shot some of those night-time scenes – it was snowing at times."

Daphne lives in Los Angeles with her seven-year-old daughter Paton. Had she discussed the role with her? "I got this so quick, and I was gone so quick, that I didn't get to say a lot to her. I do remember having a couple of conversations when I auditioned a month before, so she kind of knew about the part. We also talked about going to Vancouver – I love Vancouver and I knew she would also. She got to visit for a week in the middle of the run, but she didn't see a lot because she got sick. She's into this science fiction stuff like her mother – she's as cosmically weird as I am. She can't help it, poor little thing."

> "You have so much more fun on *Doctor Who*. *Star Trek* was a grind."

What does she mean by 'cosmically weird'? "Oh, it just means that I believe in things that other people might not. I believe in the unbelievable. I like people to disprove things to me, rather than prove things. If they do disprove it I'll say 'okay', but until then I'm wide open to every possibility."

Does this includes time travellers in police boxes? She laughs. "I certainly believe in aliens, and believe that they've been visiting us down the years – that's on the caveman walls."

It's often true that some people seem to attract weird things to them. I ask if Daphne thinks she is one of those people. Has she seen lights in the sky, for example?

"I have actually, and yes, I think I am one of those people. But I look for it! That's because I don't demand proof all the time. Like crop circles, for instance – what is that? What is it? They've disproved that humans are doing it, there's no way that a person can get into the field and do all that detail; they can't make the crops grow sideways. There are so many things in life you can't explain. There are so many people with the same stories about alien abduction or whatever. Maybe there's some kind of collective unconscious thing happening, but maybe two percent of that must be real, and that two percent interests me a lot. No-one can explain what happened to those people. And then we've got all those documents and evidence on UFOs that the government has claimed doesn't exist. But there it is. Why do they say that? I figure they must have something to hide."

But surely that's a different TV show?

"Ha-ha! Oh yeah!"

Realising that my time with Daphne is running out, I ask how much of a collaborative process the *Doctor Who* film has been.

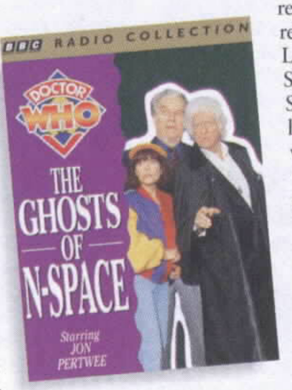
"We've had a lot of opportunity to work on things and change them during rehearsal. That's another thing that's great on this show: everyone gets to work together; it's normally just the actors and the director, but here the camera operator can have an idea because of the movement of the camera and that can be worked in. And the director never stops thinking; at three in the morning he comes up with another idea, the man is relentless. But ultimately everybody gets to participate, and that's why it's going to be a great show!" ◆

Shelf Life

It's the big day at last for Bernice;
Will the radio spooks find some peace?
A book about Ace
Brings a smile to **Dave**'s face,
And the Daleks achieve re-release!

THE GHOSTS OF N-SPACE

Back in 1993 when the *The Paradise of Death* appeared on Radio 5 and on tape in the BBC Radio Collection, it was significant as the only original broadcast *Doctor Who* for several years. *The Ghosts of N-Space* (ISBN 0 563 38883 8) by comparison appears much less exciting due to its transmission being postponed for so long as to fall in the shadow of the new *Doctor Who* TV movie. Worse, because it was scheduled to coincide with the original transmission date, the Virgin *Missing Adventures* adaptation *The Ghosts of N-Space* stole the story's thunder, and, rather than sounding like an original radio drama, the production is now effectively a dramatisation of the book. Alas, poor scheduling is the least of the drawbacks of this second *Doctor Who* radio serial and double cassette, written by former *Doctor Who* producer, Barry Letts.



Listeners tuning in to Radio 2 to listen to Jon Pertwee recreating the role of the Doctor will, one presumes, be seeking a comforting recreation of his television period. What they get is a story set entirely on the Sicilian islands in the present day and hundreds of years in the past, with the Brigadier on holiday visiting his Uncle Mario, and a trans-dimensional netherworld peopled by fiends too horrible to imagine.

The story postulates that there is an alternate space existing alongside our own called N-Space (short for Null-Space, and nothing, after all, to do with the e-space/n-space distinction from the televised Season Eighteen, over which Barry Letts presided as executive producer). N-Space is a kind of stopping-off point between this world and the next, and deceased souls who cannot come to terms with their passing are doomed to remain there, occasionally appearing to those on Earth as ghosts when the barriers to N-Space weaken.

It's in the presentation of such wild concepts that the production fails totally. But there is nothing intrinsically wrong with the idea of *Doctor Who* on radio. Years spent listening to home-made sound recordings of the television series, as well as enjoying stories in print, have convinced me that the series can transcend its origins to work in most popular media. But frustratingly, *The Ghosts of N-Space* seems to suffer from all the constraints of radio, yet exploit few of its advantages. The script ignores the heaven-sent opportunity to present the sequence of events as a story being pitched by Sarah to her editor at *Metropolitan* magazine, perhaps interspersed by excerpts from the Brigadier's log. Instead, characters stand around describing apparitions to one another purely for the benefit of the listener, or worse still, thinking aloud to themselves, without any hint that this might be an unspoken train of thought. Despite all of this, after having read the book and listened to the serial twice, I'm still incapable of summarising the plot adequately.

An excellent cast save the serial from being a complete waste of three hours. Sandra Dickinson's gangster moll, Maggie, is a joy to listen to, and in a similar semi-comic vein, Richard Pearce as Sarah's fruity photographer, Jeremy, makes a welcome return. Perhaps because of his relative youth, and also that of Louisa, the teenage girl that Sarah befriends, Elisabeth Sladen's character seems more like the slightly frumpy older version we met in *K9 and Company* than the inquisitive young reporter of 1974. Nicholas Courtney is as dependable as ever as the indomitable Lethbridge-Stewart, and I enjoyed Harry Towb as his Uncle Mario, a character whose mangled English vernacular does for Sicily what Harry Enfield's Stavros did for Greece. Jon Pertwee's voice has aged markedly, but he falls back in to the rhythms and nuances of his Doctor with panache.

The comedy is *risqué* without being particularly adult. For instance, when Sarah calls Jeremy "A wimp, a wally, and anything else beginning with 'W'", it is sure to inspire a few questions of "What's that Mummy?" from younger listeners. Slightly older listeners may later ask "What's a catamite?", too. Such unforgivable errors of judgement typify a script that should have been binned at the outset, leaving the talented cast and production team to make something else. I have a sad suspicion that this may be the last we'll hear of *Doctor Who* on the radio. A shame.

DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS

DIGITALLY REMASTERED WIDE SCREEN EDITION

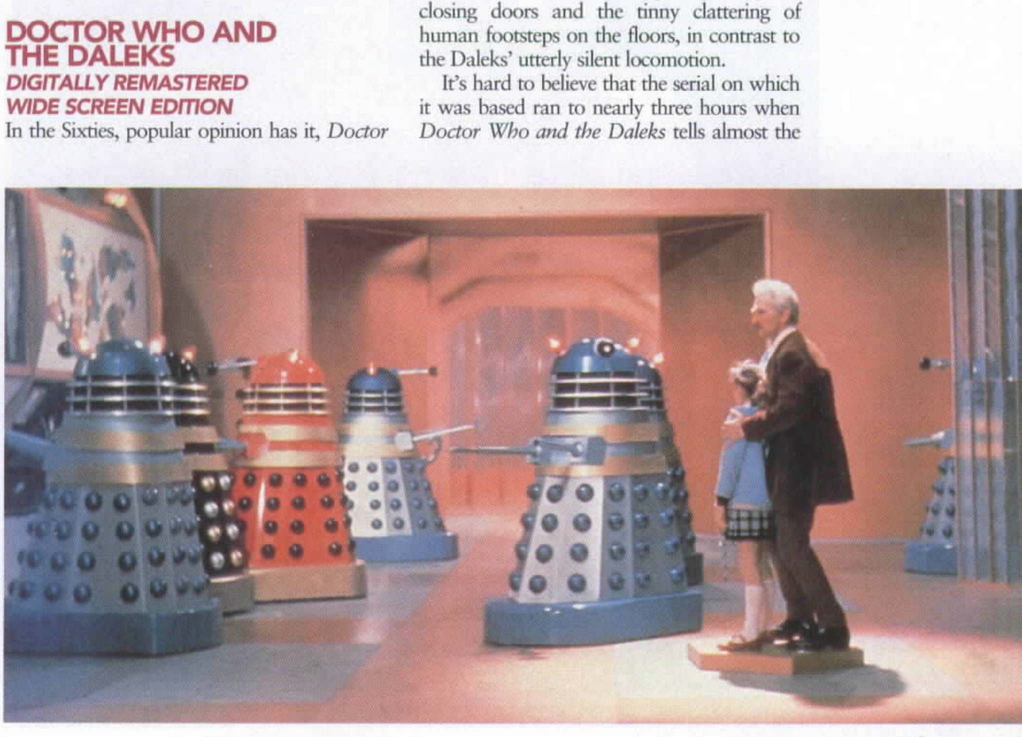
In the Sixties, popular opinion has it, *Doctor Who* consisted of sedately-paced black-and-white dramas played out before unconvincing sets and backdrops. Popular opinion, however, forgets that the television series was complemented by two full-colour cinema films whose production values still dwarf the entire television series to date.

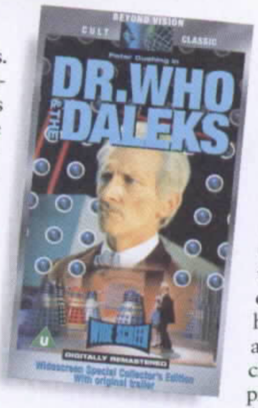
I might only have been casually interested to learn that both *Doctor Who* films were being re-released on home video in widescreen. In a market crammed with director's cuts and special editions, buyers must by now be cynical about being asked to shell out again for titles they thought they had already bought for the last time. However, *Dalekmania*, last year's Lumiere documentary video, acted as an appetiser, showing clips from both films in widescreen for the first time on video. In this format they deserve re-evaluation.

Doctor Who and the Daleks (Warner Home Video, S038354) was the first of the films, released in 1965. It has been stylishly repackaged, boasting not only an attractive cover but also including on the tape the full cinema trailer for the film. The print used appears to be clearer and sharper than those used for previous video releases or recent television screenings.

Despite what the credits say, the stars of the film are the Daleks. They are more effective here on film than they ever were on television, and their habitat, the polished metal city on Skaro, benefits immediately from appearing in widescreen. It stands to reason, after all, that creatures who can only glide about horizontally will benefit when given more room to do so! More numerous than on television (I counted eighteen Daleks in one scene), they also benefit from film post-production techniques for sound. Their deeper voices echo off the walls of their city, with its metal composition underlined by the imposing clangs of closing doors and the tinny clattering of human footsteps on the floors, in contrast to the Daleks' utterly silent locomotion.

It's hard to believe that the serial on which it was based ran to nearly three hours when *Doctor Who and the Daleks* tells almost the





same story in seventy-nine minutes. In addition, it has the job of introducing Doctor Who and his companions. However, the title character requires little introduction; he's an instantly-recognisable absent-minded professor, capable of inventing and constructing TARDIS, an almost magical vehicle for breaking the barriers of space and time, yet forgetting the name of his granddaughter's boyfriend. Peter Cushing makes the character gentle and likeable; Doctor Who is commanding only through his insight and seniority.

Doctor Who's granddaughters, Barbara and Susan, are played by Jennie Linden (latterly infamous for the growling voice-overs on Channel Four's *The Word*) and Roberta Tovey, who gives not only a competent juvenile performance as Susan but also brings across the character's precocious intellect. As well as having helped develop TARDIS, she also delights in mentally tripping up Ian, Barbara's boyfriend. Roy Castle has a difficult job as Ian, since most of the film's comic moments fall to him, somewhat undermining his credibility as the romantic lead. Maybe some of his clowning about is just for Barbara's benefit, to reassure her in times of stress. He brings his skill for physical comedy to an unsubtle scene just outside the Dalek city, where the entrance door frustratingly closes every time he approaches it.

This set for the city entrance, a wide bank topped by a plateau with the doors, is far more impressive in widescreen, as are the eerily blue-lit petrified forest sets which now look huge. In fact all the visual elements hold up remarkably well for a thirty-year-old British SF film with one exception; the Thals, the race who share Skaro with the Daleks. Men in blue eyeshadow with long false eyelashes may have looked like Olympian gods in 1965, but today they look extremely effete; more like ballet dancers than farmers. Only Barrie Ingham as Alydon survives with any dignity.

Even when the premise and storyline are familiar, there are many directorial touches that keep the film watchable. For instance, the way that TARDIS comes to life when the door is opened, with the lights coming on and a disorientating internal soundscape, or the arty way that the humans drape themselves around their cell in the Dalek city. But best of all is the presentation of the Daleks themselves, typified by an outstanding shot of the Black and Red Daleks conversing as they move towards the camera, itself tracking back, while the blue "worker" Daleks glide back and forth behind them. The film's greatest asset is that it looks so good, and cynical potential purchasers are strongly recommended to ask their retailer to show them the trailer at the start of the tape, demonstrating how spectacular it looks in widescreen at last.

ACE! THE INSIDE STORY OF THE END OF AN ERA

Boom! The idea of presenting a series of reminiscences about working on *Doctor Who* authored in turn by its leading lady and visual effects man does not at first seem particularly sensible, or even workable. But in the case of Ace, a *Doctor Who* companion followed around by more bangs and flashes than most, it seems to come off surprisingly well. *Ace!* (ISBN 1 85227 574 X) is a 124-page large-format colour hardback written by Sophie Aldred, who played the character, and Mike Tucker, a member of the BBC visual effects team, both of whose involvement with the series coincided with the final years of its regular run on BBC television.

The book is luxuriously presented, as it should be, considering its £17.99 price tag. Designer Mark Stammers manages to excel even his previous high standard on such volumes as *Timeframe* and *Companions* by making each page a riot of visual material, with an overall theme inspired by the Sylvester McCoy era opening titles. It's good to see Virgin offering a factual title with a more specific subject than before; there have been countless publications in the past offering a supposedly complete view of the entire series with a redundant overlap of information. *Ace!* proves that there is enough material available, particularly concerning the latter years of the show, to take a narrower focus; I hope they might consider similar-sized volumes concentrating, say, on the making of a single story.

What *Ace!* is not is a reference guide to the stories it covers. Sophie and Mike have quite sensibly targeted the book at those already familiar with the events taking place on screen. It offers them instead a personal memoir from the authors' own points of view, augmented by numerous inserts from their colleagues in front of, but mostly behind, the cameras. Their separately-credited styles of writing contrast sharply; Sophie's sections are breathless and conversational, often evoking her public persona (The exclamation mark in the title acts as an indication of the huge number which pepper her text). Mike is conversely more passive and formal, giving a detailed, if occasionally mechanical, résumé of the miracles he and his colleagues regularly pulled off.

Ace!
THE INSIDE STORY OF THE END OF AN ERA
SOPHIE ALDRED & MIKE TUCKER

The book is divided by broadcast seasons from 1987 to 1989, which are in turn subdivided into sections on each story, presented in production rather than transmission order. It also includes chapters on Mike's *Doctor Who* work before the advent of Ace – he first worked on *The Trial of a Time Lord*. It also covers Sophie and Mike's involvement with projects after the series, such as *Dimensions in Time* and *Thirty Years In The TARDIS*. *Ace!* is an absorbing few hours' reading, with the attention being continually drawn away from the main body of text to sidebars from other contributors, and hundreds of intelligently-captioned and mostly brand-new photographs. The visual material also includes reproductions of relevant documents, including writer Ian Briggs' "writers' bible" for the character of Ace, as well as the BBC-headed notepaper letters telling Sophie of her appointment to the series, and later, that she would no longer be required.

Thespian memoirs can sometimes be quite awful ghost-written, loosely-connected strings of anecdotes, but for the most part *Ace!* avoids the clichés of the form. Only once does Sophie succumb to temptation and end a reminiscence with the stomach-churning words "and [we] have remained firm friends ever since". We can also do without metaphors such as "heels as flat as Dalek vowel sounds", which betrays an unnecessary anxiety to appeal directly to one's readership; Sophie's genuine affection for the series is apparent throughout, but she doesn't let sentiment cloud her memories, being candid where appropriate about tense times on set.

Although it's mainly about what actually happened on *Doctor Who*, *Ace!* also reveals a lot about what *might* have happened. The inclusion of Ace as a regular travelling companion was a last-minute decision, John Nathan-Turner confirms; the plans of script

editor Andrew Cartmel and writers Marc Platt and Ben Aaronovitch to replace Ace in the never-commissioned Season Twenty-Seven are outlined; and most frustratingly, Mike describes all the visual effects that never made it to the screen, either because they were impossible to realise or because they were prepared but could never be used. It is interesting also to learn of the formative part that visual effects play in the creation and modificaiton of storylines. Mike describes Ben Aaronovitch's original conceptions of the visuals for *Remembrance of the Daleks* and how what was achievable affected the finished storyline, as well as modestly revealing that it was his suggestion that Davros be contained within the Emperor Dalek casing in that story.

The specially-shot photographs of Sophie attired as the battle-hardened Ace of the *New Adventures* novels are less prominent than I had expected, but show just how thorough the book is. It's highly recommended. Wicked, even.

THE SANDS OF TIME

It's ironic that in a medium so supposedly innovative as fantasy, a work's success is often signalled by the number of slavishly consistent sequels it inspires. *Doctor Who* is no exception, its history being strewn with stories that are follow-ups to earlier adventures. Both this month's novels from Virgin draw heavily on the past, the first proclaiming on its cover to be "a sequel to the classic story *Pyramids of Mars*". Justin Richards' latest *Missing Adventure*, *The Sands of Time* (ISBN 0 426 20472 7), is more than merely a sequel to Stephen Harris' 1976 serial; it is an evocation of every single feature that made *Pyramids of Mars* enjoyable.

DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
THE SANDS OF TIME
JUSTIN RICHARDS

The TARDIS, carrying the Fifth Doctor, Nyssa and Tegan, is drawn off-course by an Osirian temporal lodestone, and they emerge into a Victorian room holding a collection of ancient Egyption sarcophagi. Nyssa is abducted, and the Doctor and Tegan find that they are already well-known to Egyptologist Lord Kenilworth and his man, Atkins. This précis of the first chapter alone adequately summarises what *The Sands of Time* is about; a spreading of the themes and imagery of *Pyramids of Mars* along a dizzying time-travel plot containing scenes and interludes 5000 years apart in which it is up to the reader to piece together the order of events.

As in the television story *Kinda*, Nyssa spends virtually the whole adventure unconscious. In her place accompanying the Doctor and Nyssa is Kenilworth's butler, Atkins. Impossible to visualise as anyone other than Collins, the butler from *Pyramids of Mars*, he is the only additional character with much real charm or depth. That's not because Justin lacks skill at characterisation, but because the story flits so quickly from setting to setting that the locals lack time to develop.

Writing a sequel to such a memorable serial as *Pyramids of Mars* is a pretty hard job to make a mess of, although Mark Stammers came close with his short story *Scarab of Death* in *Decalog*. To Justin's advantage, much of the descriptive work has already been done for him; readers who have seen the television story can easily visualise the Egyptian relics, imagine the booming, measured tones of the Osirians, or the lumbering gait of their servicer robots. Without a trace of irony, Justin furnishes Kenilworth House with a pipe organ that seems to play itself during moments of tension, so the reader even hears the musical score from *Pyramids of Mars*.

The Sands of Time succeeds for the most part because it is an ingenious and thought-provoking story about time travel. Where it fails is in the few sections where the reader has no mysteries to puzzle over, only descriptive writing that is unemotive and as dry as the sands of the title. Justin proves here to be better at devising stories than actually telling them. To enjoy *The Sands of Time*, read it quickly, in a day or two at most, to keep it all in mind at once, because it has a beginning, a middle, and an end, but not necessarily in that order. As the Doctor tells Atkins, "It's all a bit complicated. I'm not sure that I actually understand it all that well myself, now that I come to think about it"...

The Sands of Time
by Justin Richards

Simons slowly crumpled to his knees, the bones in his legs cracking as they splintered and fractured. He pitched forwards, face smashing into the wall of the tomb. His head cracked open, dry powder cascading out and falling to the floor like sand from an hourglass. As Rassul watched, Simons' body slowly crumbled away until only a fine dust remained. A sudden, impossible breeze cleaned it from the stone floor, and sent it scurrying into the corners of the tomb. Rassul waited for a while. Simons was right, he had waited a long time. And soon it would be over. Just a few short decades, and he, too, would be free.

HAPPY ENDINGS

Anniversaries have a disruptive effect on *Doctor Who*. On television they have often precipitated improbable reunions of faces from the series' past and a conspicuous downturn in the credibility of the storyline. The *New Adventures*, having clocked up fifty novels, now celebrates in similar style with *Happy Endings* (ISBN 0 426 20470 0), which marks the departure of Bernice Summerfield, leaving the TARDIS for the dubious matrimonial custody of Jason Cane, introduced in last month's *Death and Diplomacy*. Also bidding farewell to the *New Adventures*, it seems, are tasteful cover designs, with *Happy Endings* sporting a jacket so garish it could pass for an American import.

Subtlety and restraint do not particularly pervade the contents, either, but this is more forgivable; it's a wedding after all. And not just any wedding; Bernice, more than any other of the Doctor's companions, has displayed an impressive aptitude for Having A Good Time. The ceremony is to take place in 2010 in Cheldon Boniface, the normally sleepy English village setting of Paul's debut novel, *Timewyrm: Revelation*, and it's just as well that it boasts two pubs to quench the thirst of the revellers. The Doctor, for instance, who seems slightly out of character when polishing off a glass of brandy in *The Sands of Time*, is by now putting it away like a general.

The book describes the TARDIS crew's residence in Cheldon Boniface prior to Bernice and Jason's wedding, the gathering together from across time and space of the numerous wedding guests and the wedding itself. There is a little drama concerning the couple's last-minute doubts about each other and the Doctor's concern that bringing so many aliens to Earth might spark off an interplanetary conflict, but these small crises seem little more than frameworks upon which to drape poignant character sketches and genuinely hilarious comedy.

THE NEW ADVENTURES
Doctor WHO
HAPPY ENDINGS
PAUL CORNELL

The single word which best describes *Happy Endings* is "indulgent". It reads like a series of jokes and sketches that Paul has been itching to use in his *Doctor Who* writing and has finally been given permission for. I detect the hand of a cricket fan, for example, since one chapter consists entirely of a description of a locals-versus-aliens match, largely baffling to someone who has never mastered the intricacies of the game. But I suspect I share many of Paul's other indulgences: there are two extremely affected and theatrical Silurian musicians who are strangely reminiscent of Julian and Sandy from *Round The Horne*; listening to them at the reception, the Brigadier asks Doris "What's this? It's got a good beat." like Hugh Dennis' embarrassing Dad from *The Mary Whitehouse Experience*.

There seem to be characters at the wedding from every single other book in the range, and Paul has included a mosaic chapter with sections written by almost all the other writers. It isn't as successful as it might be because the brief mentions are only long enough for the reader to identify the guests before moving on, and I preferred the more natural overlap of old characters and situations, such as Holmes and Watson's reaction to the twenty-first century, or Ace and Bernice catching up on old times over a pint or six.

Happy Endings is much like a wedding itself: if every day was a wedding day, we'd soon grow tired of them. And attending the weddings of strangers is utterly pointless; read this book only after reading the previous forty-nine, and it will mean much, much more. The fiftieth *New Adventure* is certainly worth celebrating, and appropriately enough for a book whose theme is closure, its publication marks the end of one era for the novels and the dawn of another, in which they may have to co-exist with regular new *Doctor Who* on television. ◆

Happy Endings
by Paul Cornell

"At least now I can die with my marbles intact."

"Die?" The Doctor stopped walking. The syllable felt odd on his lips.

"Yes. Soon, actually. Matter of weeks, the doctors say, but what do they know, eh?" He glanced at the Doctor merrily. "I'm trying to stretch it to a year. I have high hopes, now that I've met Kadiatu. Good to be here, actually, to see you all again. Best possible place."

The Doctor looked interrogatorially at the ground and the trees. "How – ?"

"Oh, a lot of carcinogens were released during the last few years. I was in a lot of the wrong places." A wry smile formed on his lips. "Bloody glad to have been, most of them."

"Alastair . . ." The Doctor flailed the air with his arms, despairing. "I – "

"The only thing is," the Brigadier interrupted him, "it's hard on Doris and Kate, and Gordy. I expect you, Doctor, to make sure that they are safe for the remainder of their days. Do promise me that, won't you?"

Fluid Links

That's What I Like

"You're a *Doctor Who* fan? Really? Why on Earth do you like that childish nonsense?"

The dinner party went quiet. I felt myself tense. I began to rehearse my stock answer to this question; the one about having enjoyed it since childhood, about it being good, wholesome escapist nonsense, about never having been the same since my grandmother knitted me a Tom Baker scarf.

But I don't. For some reason I'm fed up to the back teeth with being apologetic about my favourite television programme. Fed up with apologising for knowing more about it than I do about fine art, classical music and 'real' culture. Instead I find myself quietly replying that the reason why I'm a *Doctor Who* fan is because it's the finest television programme I've ever seen and I just really, really love it. There's a long pause. And then, blissfully, someone else at the table drunkenly agrees with me, and starts asking me if I remember the one with the giant maggots, and the other brilliant one with lizards that walked out of the sea wearing string vests. The tension dissipates and the hosts of the party stop holding their breath. The conversation moves on.

I sit at the table, ignoring the chatter, staring down at the remnants of my vegetarian moussaka and it suddenly becomes absolutely clear why I adore a rather battered, BBC television programme which hasn't been on our screens for seven years. Let me tell you why I love *Doctor Who*.

I love the idea of the hero of a boy's own adventure series abhorring violence and never carrying a gun. That he is, as Terrance Dicks wrote all those years ago, never cruel or cowardly, and that whilst he is caught up in violent events, he is a man of peace. I love his moral code, that his solution to tyranny and evil is not to resort to the villain's methods, to sink to their level with guns, threats and violence, but to be clever and resourceful; to make the villains fall into their own traps. I can't stop myself from cheering out loud at those numerous moments in the programme's history when this ethos has been celebrated and reaffirmed. There's that beautiful scene in *The Happiness Patrol* when the Seventh Doctor prevents two snipers from murdering people by demanding that they justify their actions, or *City of Death*, when the Fourth Doctor tells Duggan that if he attacks any more people he is going to be forced to take extreme measures:

"Oh yeah?" Duggan asks, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to ask you not to."

And in *Warriors of the Deep*, where there is no triumph for the Fifth Doctor in a human victory which involves the slaughter of a race of reptiles. "There should have been another way," the Doctor whispers, standing amidst the corpses.

I could go on. I could go on forever.

I know of no other television programme that is so capable of reinventing itself endlessly and seemingly effortlessly. From the space opera of William Hartnell's era to the traditional action/adventure of the Jon Pertwee years. From the gothic horror of Tom Baker's tenure to the unsettling mystery and suspense of Sylvester McCoy's last years. *Doctor Who* is about change. It is as if it just can't help itself. Whereas other telefantasy programmes are defined by their locations and situations, *Doctor Who* remakes itself every time the TARDIS lands, not just in different places, but in different styles and genres. Take Season Nineteen for example; over thirteen weeks and seven stories, the viewer is offered the light fantasy of *Castrovalva*, the dark psychological thriller that is *Kinda*, historical adventure in *Black Orchid* and the macho, all-out action of *Earthshock*. It is as if we are being treated to seven different television programmes instead of just one.

The essence of *Doctor Who*, with the Doctor and his young companions helping the oppressed fight the villains and end their nefarious schemes, can be successfully transplanted anywhere. Unlike *Star Trek* or *Blake's 7*, *Doctor Who* doesn't exist in one consistent universe. Rather, the Doctor appears to pop in and out of different realities (I've always thought the idea of compiling coherent chronologies of the *Doctor Who* universe misses the point somehow). This allows the programme to play with any genre, any style, because there is no requirement for the series to be consistent with what has gone before. *Doctor Who* can please itself. If *Star Trek: The Next Generation* wants to do a Victorian detective story, all manner of technobabble is necessary before Data can dress up as Sherlock Holmes. Holodecks, computer programmes – endless pseudo-scientific jargon is required to justify the excursion. If *Doctor Who* wants to switch genre to tell a similar tale, then the Doctor need only set the time/space coordinates for Conan Doyle's Victorian London, and the TARDIS is soon standing in the fog on the banks of the Thames. The Doctor barely has a chance to slip on his deer-stalker before he and his companion are embroiled in a terrifying adventure with evil Tongs, masked villains and giant sewer rats. *Doctor Who* can take us anywhere, to any genre. It can be anything.

It is this combination of the uniqueness of the Doctor as a hero, and the endlessly changing backdrops and styles of the programme, that has kept me watching for over twenty-three years. That in the middle of all of this innovation and unpredictability, the Doctor – a Doctor – remains. Whether the adventure takes place on an isolated outpost on the moon or an Edwardian country house, the Doctor's strategies of non-violent resistance and the use of intelligence and cunning to succeed over brute force are somehow universally relevant and appropriate. Violence is never the answer; there should always be another way. That's why I love *Doctor Who*.

That's what I like.

Matthew Jones

***Doctor Who* can take us anywhere, to any genre. It can be anything.**

Timelines

compiled by **Scott Gray**

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HE'S BACK . . .

It's a dream come true. As a fan of *Withnail and I*, I can truly say that in Paul McGann we have "the finest Doctor available to humanity"! Paul looks so "Doctoresque" it's amazing to think we've not noticed before. I foresee no problems in accepting him. I'm going to miss Sylvester McCoy's Doctor and the *New Adventures* Doctor (for they *are* different), but oh, what the future could hold!

We are going to get the *Doctor Who* TV movie (couldn't they have thought up a better title? Or rather, *any* title?) at least three months after the Americans, and it'll be out on video before its UK airing. There are going to be fans who will rail against this as heresy (when it's merely Nineties' commercial reality). To them I say – cease thy childish babbling, *it's back!* Get excited!

Well done, **DWM**, for keeping the faith since '89. Can't wait to see the new Doctor in costume next issue . . !

Nick Walters
Horfield,
Bristol.

Great news to hear that Paul McGann is the new Doctor, and that there is so much British involvement in the new film. I do have a couple of reservations, though: I hope it's not too gimmicky, with too many special effects and no real story.

My other reservation is that Paul McGann is such a great actor with a brilliant career, and may wish to go off and do other things and not carry on in the role. How long before we're looking for another Doctor, and another? He doesn't have too many regenerations left, ya know!

Now the bad news: have I heard right? The BBC have cancelled the planned *Doctor Who* video releases for the rest of the year. Being unemployed and having stopped smoking a couple of years back, the videos are the only treat I still allow myself, and I always look forward to them. Please *think again*, BBC Video.

L Thorpe
Derby.

I'm thrilled to bits that we have a new Doctor in Paul McGann. After nearly seven years it's difficult to believe it's actually happened.

Many thanks for keeping the magazine going when many others would have faded away without new programmes to support them. For the past seven years *you* have been *Doctor Who*.

I loved Gary's advice to the Eighth Doctor in the open letter in *The Independent*. Any chance of printing it in the magazine for the fans to read?

Simon Burt
Durkar,
Wakefield.

Paul McGann enjoyed it too, Simon – I'm trying to talk Gary into it . . .

I have just heard a very nasty rumour to the effect that the Doctor is suddenly going to acquire an interest in sex in the new version of *Doctor Who*. I don't know if this is true but I haven't been able to stop worrying about it since I heard it.

Doctor Who fans are often mocked because of their devotion to such a silly, childish show. Perhaps there are some fans who genuinely want the programme to become more 'grown-up' in the style of *The X Files* or *Star Trek: TNG*. But the whole point about the character of the Doctor, surely, is that he is *not* like the heroes of all these other shows. They are intended to be believable and 'normal' so that the audience can easily relate to them. The Doctor, by contrast, is magical – a sheer fantasy character, more akin to Santa Claus or Peter Pan or, as Tom Baker put it, "a cross between the Pied Piper and Jesus Christ". He is not meant to behave in a 'normal', predictable way. The moment he starts to, the magic of the character – and therefore the magic of the series itself – will die.

I realise that I'm preaching to the converted – my worry is that the new *Doctor Who* isn't going to be *made* by the converted, but by people who don't really care about the programme, don't really see it as anything special and who want it to be as much like other shows on American television as humanly possible. I imagine that this is a concern shared by most other fans too.

The person ultimately responsible for *Doctor Who* isn't Philip Segal – it's Alan Yentob. *Doctor Who* is still, surely, a BBC show, and some assurances ought to be given by the BBC that the programme is genuinely in safe hands.

D Bell
Renfrewshire,
Scotland.

As an American *Doctor Who* fan I'm continually incensed by the amount of America-bashing that goes on in your letters column from British readers. What have we done to earn such contempt, aside from giving *Doctor Who* the best chance of returning to television that its seen in in the past seven years?

You have the misconception that, because *Star Trek* is the most successful science fiction series that American television has ever produced, all of our science fiction television will follow the same format. That's not true in general, and it certainly isn't true for Fox.

Look at the SF series Fox has shown since its inception: *The X Files*, *Sliders*, *Space: Above and Beyond*, *VR5*, *Mantis* and *Fortune Hunter*. None, absolutely *none* of these series has attempted to imitate *Star Trek*. Most have had action-orientated storylines of good vs evil, just like *Doctor Who*. *The X Files* and *Space: Above and Beyond* have put great effort into the use of atmosphere, just as in some of the best *Doctor Who* serials (*The Curse of Fenric* and *The Dæmons* come immediately to mind). If anything, Fox has done its best to steer clear of *Star Trek* imitators, which may explain why it is the only US network willing to give *Doctor Who* a chance.

Fox is best known for bringing American viewers programming that is different from other networks. Take a look at shows like *Married with Children* and *The Simpsons*, ►

THE HIT PARADE

A star **DWM** contributor dips his nib into the inkpot of *Doctor Who* history and sketches out his ten favourite dramatic tableaux. Wield that pen!

Adrian Salmon
The Cybermen artist

1. *Pyramids of Mars*

"Beware the beat of the cloth-wrapped feet! This Hammeresque *Who* has everything. Egyptology is a passion with me, so this really hit the spot. Top marks to Robert Holmes for this one. The 'mummies' stand out as the most original and terrifying monster ever."

2. *The Seeds of Doom*

"The Krynoid made the Triffids look like pansies. Big Tom was magnificent, with green-fingered Harrison Chase a suitably maniacal Percy Thrower. The Doctor's narrow escape from the compost heap and the monstrous towering Krynoid made this prime *Doctor Who*. Thank goodness there weren't any giant aphids!"

3. *The Tomb of the Cybermen*

"One word: classic. The hype and myth surrounding its discovery captivated me. I was ten years old again. Like Howard Carter I longed to see inside. The Cybermen awakening from their sleep was mesmeric, coupled with the haunting musical refrain. Definitely Troughton's best."

4. *Genesis of the Daleks*

"This really made me realise how close the Daleks were to the Nazis. I didn't like them then and still don't. The Doctor's dilemma about destroying the race really transcended a so-called kid's programme, and made me think. The audio tape is still a favourite today."

5. *The Aztecs*

"Aren't historicals brilliant? This is one of the best: Barry Newbury's sets are brilliant, Ian prancing about with his sword is brilliant, even the Doctor's touching scenes with Cameca are, in a word, brilliant. Nuff said."

6. *The Tenth Planet*

"Cybermen in parkas, blank-eyed, inhuman: the boys from Mondas had arrived. The plot is serviceable at best, with General Cutler being no match for these metallic Frankensteins. Good may have prevailed in the end, but my Action Man never forgave me for covering him in tin-foil."

7. *Terror of the Zygons*

"Visually, the Zygons were a stunning addition to *Doctor Who*'s monsters. I couldn't wait for the next instalment. I'll even forgive them for the Skarasen. Ted Danson, eat your heart out."

8. *Spearhead from Space*

"Autons are nasty pieces of work. They have no dress sense and they kill you. My parents' sofa probably still bears the scars of this disturbing thriller. Also, shopping at Burton's was never the same again."

9. *The Seeds of Death*

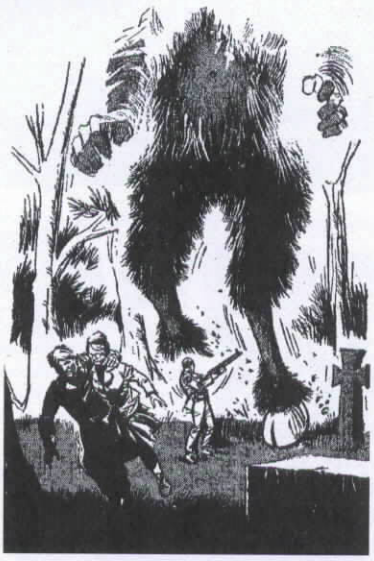
"Okay, I'll admit that this is way too long. Happy? But the Ice Warrior knee-deep in Ariel Automatic, and the Doctor's immortal line, 'I'm a genius,' help to elevate this, in my eyes, above-average Troughton fare."

10. *The Gunfighters*

"I was pleasantly surprised by this story. Westerns appeal to me, but in *Doctor Who*? However, Hartnell and Purves are great, and *The Ballad of the Last Chance Saloon* was infectious and stole the show. Hi-ho, Silver!"

Off TARGET

by Quiquaequod



With one swipe of his rifle, Garvin sliced Azal's hoof clean off, allowing the Siamese twins to make good their escape

which exceeded previous set boundaries of sitcoms and animated series and have had a major impact on their country's popular culture as a result. Past *Doctor Who* certainly falls into that category, so I would imagine that Fox would in fact try to keep the flavour of the British stories in any production it eventually broadcasts.

You Brits should withhold judgement on us until after the American-produced *Doctor Who* hits the airwaves. If it comes out bad, believe me, I'll be just as vocal in my disapproval as any of you. But please give us enough credit to know that *Doctor Who*'s success lay in the way the series was produced in England, and give Universal the benefit of the doubt that it will attempt to stay true to that heritage. It's unreasonable to criticise us just because we're Americans. That's a type of prejudice the Doctor would very much disapprove of, don't you think?

Douglas Kaiser
Hackettstown,
New Jersey, USA.

USS TARDIS III

Dear oh dear. Someone's defending *Star Trek* (*Timelines* 236). Let me explain . . .

Classic *Trek* was camp, unafraid to mock itself and often very funny. However, it was also remarkably courageous in its stories. It could be tragic, hilarious, thought-provoking or – let's face it – rubbish. But it had the courage to take risks. Being the bravest experiment then running on US television, it was cancelled after three seasons.

After many years, however, *Star Trek* was realised to be a goldmine. And lo! *Star Trek: The Next Generation* was born: a series with absolutely no risks taken whatsoever. I find nothing there to praise. Its producers spent huge amounts of money on formula television; the kinds of risks that classic *Trek* ran would never get through the front door. It is, quite simply, soap opera. People will always be interested in human drama: will little Dick get his heart transplant? Will Jessica marry Fred? Tom Spilsbury rightly says that the SF elements in modern *Star Trek* are unimportant; it is *Neighbours* in space. That is the secret of its success.

Doctor Who is different. No matter how often the Daleks glide down corridors, it always retains the potential to surprise us. Modern *Trek* never excites. Today's episode is the same as next week's. Tomorrow, however, *Doctor Who* could run the most staggering SF story in the world. Or Shakespearean tragedy. Or out-and-out farce. It probably won't. But it might.

Finn Clark
Blewbury,
Oxon.

A FRIEND INDEED

I'd like to express my astonishment at the exceedingly high standard of the best article that has ever graced the pages of **DWM**. "Which article?" I hear you cry in unison! Well, here's a clue – it has come "straight from the horse's mouth", and about time too – *The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs*. In my opinion, John was the most caring producer to grace the show, and the words he's writing clearly signify the care he lavished on *Doctor Who*.

He knew he made mistakes. John is taking us through his pit-falls and his triumphs with frankness and literary style. The word 'triumphs' should actually be emphasized because people tend to concentrate on John's (few) mistakes. I know he produced *The Twin Dilemma* (but at least it was entertainingly bad – unlike *Revenge of the Cybermen* by Philip 'do-no-wrong' Hinchcliffe!), but don't forget *The Leisure Hive*, *The Keeper of Traken*, *Vengeance on Varos* and so many others.

Right! Let's see how many people can write in and praise John for his good stories instead of concentrating on his bad ones (I used to do the latter, but I've seen the error of my ways now I've grown up)!

Robert Friend
Chippenham,
Wilts.

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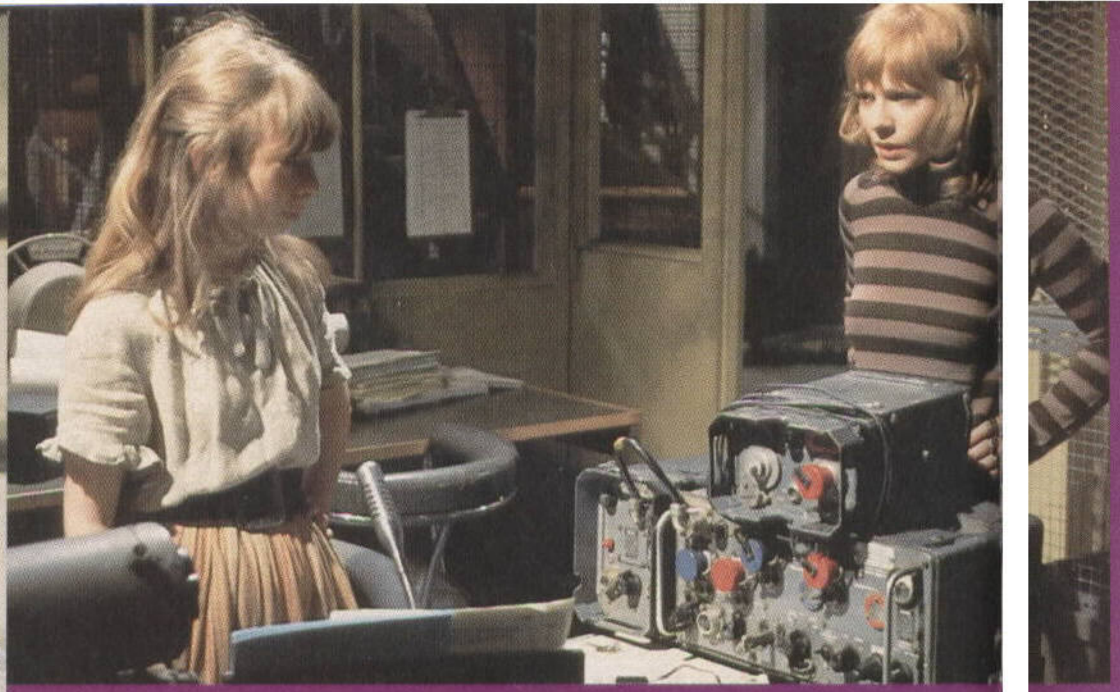
Colony in Space



EPISODE ONE (drn: 24'19")

The Time Lords, upon discovering that the Master has stolen their file on the forbidden Doomsday Weapon, decide to use the exiled Doctor to foil the renegade's plans; they agree to temporarily restore to the Doctor the use of his TARDIS. In the UNIT lab, the Doctor, testing his new dematerialisation circuit, enters the TARDIS with Jo; the Time Lords, however, steer the TARDIS to the barren planet Uxarieus. There, they are captured by a human colonist who suspects them of being mineralogists.

Taken to the colony, the travellers learn of the problems faced by Robert Ashe and his fellow pioneers. Their crops are failing and, although the planet was supposedly free of animals, 'giant lizards' have been seen at night. Jo makes friends with Mary, Ashe's daughter, and learns that the year is 2472. Meanwhile, the Primitives, the humanoid life-form native to the planet, carry away the TARDIS.

Mr and Mrs Leeson are killed in their dome; their last radio message suggests that they have fallen victim to one of the reputed lizards. A man called Norton staggers into the colony; he claims to be the sole survivor from another settlement which, he says, was wiped out by the lizards and the Primitives. The Doctor, suspicious of the circumstances surrounding the Leesons' deaths, is investigating their dome when a robot enters and advances upon him . . .

Colony in Space

Screenplay extract by Malcom Hulke

The Guardian confronts the Doctor and the Master in the room housing the Doomsday Weapon – which the Master wishes to control . . .

MASTER: You have here a wonderful invention. Why, with it we can bring peace and order to every world in the galaxy.
DOCTOR: On the contrary. You will bring only death and destruction.
MASTER: This planet of yours would be the centre of a mighty empire, the greatest the cosmos has ever known.
DOCTOR: Tell me, sir. Has this weapon of yours ever brought good to your planet?
GUARDIAN: Once the weapon was built, our race began to decay. The radiation from the weapon's power source poisoned the soil of our planet.
DOCTOR: Exactly! The weapon has brought only death. (*Indicates the Master*) And yet he wants to spread that death throughout the galaxy. Unless you destroy this weapon, sir, he will use it for evil.

EPISODE TWO (drn: 22'43")

The servo robot is under the control of Caldwell, a mineralogist with the IMC – Interplanetary Mining Corporation – who apologises to the Doctor. Horrified by the Leesons' deaths, he invites the Doctor to the IMC spaceship, which has recently landed nearby. *En route*, the Doctor realises that the TARDIS has gone. At the IMC ship, Captain Dent and his first officer, Morgan, are delighted to learn that the planet, assigned for colonisation, is rich in the mineral duralinium. While the Doctor waits to see Dent, an angry Caldwell tells the Captain that he wants no part in the killings; Dent, in turn, reprimands Morgan for the murders. The Doctor is clearly unsympathetic towards IMC; Dent arranges for Morgan to dispose of the Doctor at the Leeson's dome – and threatens Caldwell, to make him comply.

In the colony, Norton spreads distrust of the Primitives, the Doctor and Jo. He kills the colony's only engineer, Jim Holden, and wrecks the power generator, blaming a Primitive. Morgan takes the Doctor back to the dome where he makes the servo robot, fitted with giant reptile claws, advance upon him. "Purely business, you understand," says Morgan, "nothing personal . . ."

EPISODE THREE (drn: 23'47")

The Doctor wrests the robot's control unit from Morgan, who flees. The IMC ship lands beside the colony; Dent claims that an error has caused the planet to be assigned for both colonisation and mining. The Doctor enters, explaining to Ashe how IMC have faked the 'lizard' attacks. While the Doctor fixes the generator, Jo, with colonist David Winton in tow, goes to search the IMC ship for evidence against the Corporation. Norton, an IMC spy, warns Dent of their visit and the pair are captured.

Dent tells the Doctor that Jo will be safe if he withdraws his accusations before the Adjudicator from Earth arrives. Jo and Winton are handcuffed to a bomb in a Primitive dwelling; Winton escapes and evades IMC guards to find Caldwell, who gives him shelter. The Doctor visits Caldwell and persuades him to release Jo before the colonists attack the IMC ship. But by the time the Doctor and Winton have successfully taken control of the IMC ship, the Primitives have killed Jo's guard and taken her to their underground city; she is thrust into its dark tunnels . . .

EPISODE FOUR (drn: 24'20")

Ashe tells the Doctor that he can barter for Jo's return with food; at the entrance to the city, the Doctor is captured by Primitives. Reunited with Jo in a room decorated with pictograms, they deduce that there was once a great civilisation on the planet; silent alien priests tend to its remains. The Doctor and Jo are taken before the Guardian, a tiny being sat in a machine. The Doctor's intelligence sufficiently impresses the Guardian, and he permits them to return to the colony.

At the colony, the Adjudicator's spaceship arrives; Morgan has gained the upper hand. A hearing is arranged for the colonists and IMC to state their respective cases but, when the Doctor and Jo arrive, they recognise the Adjudicator; he is the Master. The Master blackmails the Doctor into silence and judges in favour of IMC. Winton is furious, and plans an unlawful attack on the IMC men. While the Master talks to Ashe about the Primitives' city, Winton lures the IMC men into an ambush at the colony. In the battle, Norton is killed. There, the Master levels a gun at the Doctor and Jo, telling them: "I'm afraid you're about to become the victims of stray bullets . . ."

EPISODE FIVE (drn: 25'22")

Ashe intervenes, and prevents the Master from shooting; IMC are overpowered. The Master agrees to act for the colonists, and learns that the Doctor has been to the Primitives' city. In a bid to obtain evidence of the Master's true identity, the Doctor and Jo break into the Adjudicator's spaceship, which they discover to be the Master's TARDIS. Winton forces the IMC ship to take off, but Dent lands the vessel only fifty kilometres away.

The Doctor and Jo trip an alarm in the Master's TARDIS and are gassed unconscious. The Doctor recovers to find Jo trapped in a cubicle which the Master will flood with a lethal gas unless the Doctor takes him to the city. Dent leads an IMC attack and takes over the colony, accusing the colonists of treason. They must leave or face execution, but their old spaceship cannot take off safely.

Morgan and Caldwell break into the Adjudicator's ship and find Jo; unfortunately, their arrival triggers an alarm which the Master has rigged. As he and the Doctor arrive at the city, the Master reaches for the gas chamber's remote control . . .

EPISODE SIX (drn: 25'22")

The Primitives' arrival distracts the Master; rescued, Jo reveals the ersatz Adjudicator's true identity to Caldwell and Morgan. Caldwell agrees to help Jo find the Doctor. The colonists board the unsafe rocket; the IMC men withdraw, leaving a single guard on duty. Winton attacks the guard, and Ashe informs Dent that the launch has been delayed. Shortly afterwards, the rocket takes off; it explodes almost immediately.

Captured by the Primitives, the Master and the Doctor enter the city and gain access to the Guardian's chamber. The Master aims to take control of the ancient race's super weapon to rule the universe, but the Guardian appears and instructs the Doctor to activate the weapon's self-destruct mechanism. Encountering Jo and Caldwell, the Doctor and the Master emerge from the city as it explodes; they are confronted by Morgan and IMC. Winton and the colonists appear, defeating IMC in a gun-battle during which the Master escapes to his TARDIS. Winton reveals that Ashe sacrificed himself by taking the rocket up alone.

Later, after the colonists have found the TARDIS, the Doctor tells them that their crops should now grow; Caldwell stays with the colonists. The Doctor and Jo arrive back at the UNIT laboratory mere moments after they left.

◆

PRODUCTION

The serials of Season Seven had been set almost exclusively on earth; their location justified by the Doctor's exile to that planet by the Time Lords. During production in early 1970, the format's limitations became apparent to producer Barry Letts, script editor Terrance Dicks and Malcolm Hulke, one of the series' writers. Hulke, an old colleague of Dicks', had written for the series since 1967 and was keen to extend the series' boundaries beyond stories concerning mad scientists and alien invasions. Consequently, Dicks commissioned Hulke on Friday 3rd July 1970 to write a six-part storyline entitled *Colony*; set on an alien planet and involving the arrival of an exploitative mining company, it had to include the Master, a new Time Lord villain who would appear in each of the season's stories. The basis for Hulke's story, as later noted by the cast and production team, was the archetypal tale of Old West pioneers coming into conflict with the territory's natives. By the time the scripts were delivered, the title had become *Colony in Space*.

Originally, the serial was set in the year 3000 AD on an un-named planet which had three prominent types of native life: the Primitives ('savage descendants of a now vanished super race'), the Alien Priests ('a bestial non-human race') and the Guardian ('a super being'). The Guardian was originally referred to as 'the Head' – a floating head in a furnace of flames – and the Alien Priests were a late addition.

The regular character of Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart would appear in only the first and last episodes, and the other UNIT semi-regulars – Captain Yates and Sergeant Benton – would not feature at all. Because of a perceived over-use of the Master in his first three serials, it suited both Hulke's story and the production office to hold back the character until the story's second half.

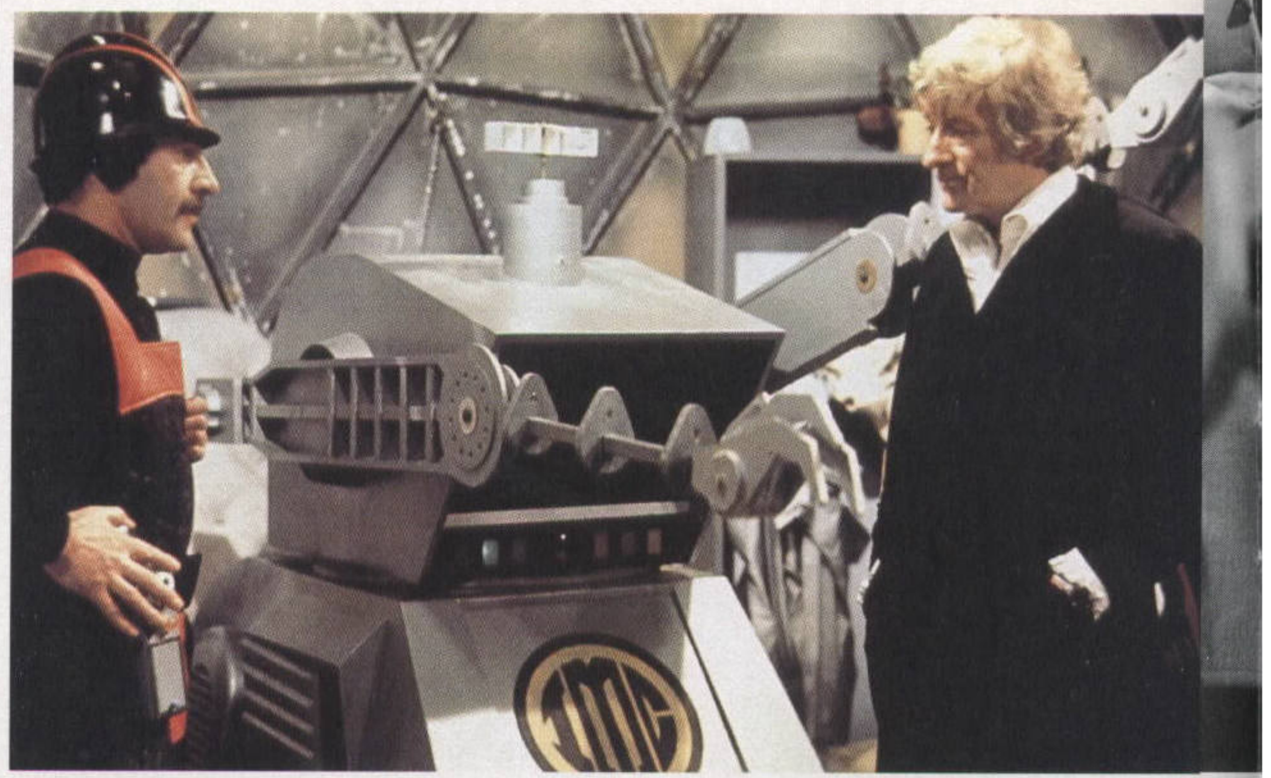
Hulke's Episode One had the Time Lord scene as a pre-credit sequence. For some reason, Jo Grant, the Doctor's companion, was sceptical that the TARDIS could actually operate, although she had seen the ship dematerialise in the preceding serial, *The Claws of Axos*. The Doctor was referred to as 'Doctor Who' in stage directions, John Ashe became Robert Ashe, and the character of Reeves – the colonist in charge of security – was renamed Winton. Considering the script's futuristic nature, Hulke ensured that metric measures such as metres and kilos were used throughout the dialogue. The script also included an in-joke about the Spanish Ambassador being suspected to be the Master: in 1961-62, Roger Delgado, the actor playing the Master, had featured in the ITC series *Sir Francis Drake* as Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador.

Hulke's script described the Primitives as having six fingers on each hand: "they are very tall, completely hairless humanoids with oddly shaped ears. They wear loin cloths, and blankets over their shoulders. The blankets have strange Aztec-like designs. They carry spears." The first colonist to be seen, Leeson, would be "dressed in futuristic but simple farmer's work clothes. His gun is a kind of advanced rocket rifle."

Hulke had envisaged the IMC robot differently to how it appeared on screen: as "a man-like robot . . . walking in a dead straight line"

DIRECTOR MICHAEL BRIANT

Michael Briant overcame an early attack of polio to become a child actor. At the age of twenty he become a stage manager and joined the BBC as a holiday relief staff member. His early work for the Corporation included: trainee AFM (assistant floor manager) on *The Daleks*, AFM on *The Crusade*, and production assistant on *The Daleks' Master Plan*, *The Power of the Daleks* and *Fury from the Deep*. After completing the BBC's internal directors' course he went freelance, working for the BBC on series such as *The Newcomers* and *Z Cars*.



in his first script and, in Episode Two, wrote "The robot walks in. Its arms are extended forward, and on the end of each arm is a big metal claw." In the second script, the robot, nicknamed 'Charlie', originally accompanied the Doctor and Caldwell back to the IMC ship, which Hulke saw as "a small black ultra-modern spacecraft."

Episode Three had Jo refer to her escapology course as per *Terror of the Autons*; Episode Four originally included a sequence where the Doctor encounters the Primitives beside a snake pit. The script later introduced the first Primitive Priest thus: "a cowled figure is examining some alien equipment – a kind of clock, in which all the parts are visible . . . he has a bestial, non-human face." Hulke's script indicated that telepathic communications could be suggested if "we either have a sting of the music theme, or a special think-sound." The pictograms in the lumber room showed three types of alien creature: "The Primitives, the Beastmen Priests, and a third type – tiny, child-like figures." This third type was later revealed to be the Guardian, which had "an enormous head . . . attached to a tiny, vestigial body . . . [it is] the sole survivor of an highly evolved master race of the Primitive City." Episode Five required the interior of the Master's TARDIS which Hulke noted was "the interior of Doctor Who's TARDIS, slightly redressed."

The director hired for *Colony in Space* was Michael Briant, whose early planning notes indicated that the Primitives were the equivalent of the nineteenth century Apache Indians or the African Mau-maus, with whom the colonists had arranged a truce in exchange for "canned food" and 3000 AD colonial beads. They had a basic human form with coloured skin and wore simple costumes with Aztec-type designs and jewellery. The colonists were like "pioneers" in nineteenth century America, poor because they had saved for five years to buy their space freighter; they would carry silent recoilless weapons firing darts or rockets.

It was decided that the IMC robot would not be humanoid but probably run on wheels and have three arms with various fittings, and that the Head would now be a superbeing which had reverted to foetus form (possibly an actor's head with a tiny prop body and part-realised via CSO). The Alien Priests were described as being halfway between the Primitives and the Head, with dome-like heads and foetus-like faces. Briant intended that these diminutive figures should be played by children over the age of sixteen. Further effects notes indicated that the IMC used walkie-talkies like the pen communicators in the television series *The Man From UNCLE*.

CASTING SUSAN JAMESON

A major change was to make Morgan a "junior female officer". This was done by Briant who, during pre-production, had been invited aboard a merchant navy ship in London and been impressed by its trainee female officers. Originally, the male Morgan was a 'heavy', but Briant restructured the role for a ruthlessly efficient woman, casting actress Susan Jameson after the actress' 'liberated' role in *Take Three Girls*. Unfortunately, Ronnie Marsh, Head of Drama Serials, decided to over-ride the casting; he felt that a uniformed female sadist could be construed as somewhat kinky. Jameson had been contracted and was duly paid, despite her non-appearance. Morgan's gender was reassigned once again; Letts suggested Tony Caunter for the role, promoting him from a smaller part in the serial.

The serial's budget was low to offset the overspend on *The Mind of Evil* and the expensive season climax, *The Daemons*. Briant changed the tents used by the colonists into a form of plastic dome which would be constructed from triangular segments – an idea arrived at in collaboration with designer Tim Gleeson, who was gaining his first credit on the series. It was also Briant who suggested the Master's wrist videoscreen. The production team included costume designer Michael Burdle (his first serial), Jan Harrison supervising make-up (as she had since *Terror of the Autons*), and Bernard Wilkie designing visual effects (as with Troughton serials *The Ice Warriors* and *The Mind Robber*).

Before production, there were various rewrites. In Episode One, this included Martin's complaints in the dining area, the Leesons' calling up Main Dome and the conversation leading up to Norton's arrival. In Episode Two, the reworking covered Winton's suspicions of Jo, Norton threatening the Primitive, Captain Dent telling Morgan to deal with the Doctor, the killing of the young Primitive by Norton, and Dent threatening Caldwell. In Episode Three, the sequence where Ashe tells the Doctor of the power failure was rewritten; changes to Episode Four included the Doctor's entrance into the Primitives' city and the scene where he and Jo examine the frieze. The reference to the Master's TARDIS having once been a horsebox (in *Terror of the Autons*) was a late addition to Episode Five. The year that the colonists had left Earth was changed again, this time to 2471 (it seems likely that the original date was 2971, hence the AD 3000 setting) – although the date on the Leeson's calendar remained Tuesday 3rd March, as given in the script.

Filming for the exterior scenes of Uxarieus (as the world was named in late rewrites) took place at the Old Baal Clay Pit in China Clay Quarry at Carglaze, Devon during February 1971; the crew were based at Newquay in Cornwall. The venue offered an entrance to the Primitives' city, a flat area for the colony and a bleached, chalky terrain. The cast were warned of dangers at the quarry, and that the ground was likely to be extremely muddy.

Shooting took place on 16mm film; work was hampered by heavy winter rain which caused a great deal of rescheduling. Wednesday 10th began with the Episode One and Two sequences involving the TARDIS and those at the Leesons' Dome; these required the regular cast of Jon Pertwee and Katy Manning, plus guest artists Tony Caunter, Bernard Kay, David Webb and John Scott Martin. Kay, playing Caldwell, had appeared in *Doctor Who* on three previous occasions: as Tyler in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, as Saladin in *The Crusade* and as Inspector Crossland in *The Faceless Ones*. Caunter had previously appeared as Thatcher in *The Crusade*. Martin was a veteran *Doctor Who* bit-part player; he'd first appeared in 1965's *The Web Planet*, and was now hired to operate the IMC Robot. Four stuntmen – Terry Walsh, Dinny Powell, Alf Joint and Mike Horsburgh – played the Primitives on this day.

For the TARDIS materialisation in Episode One, the craft appeared instantly instead of fading in; a simple film edit was used. This technique was repeated during studio recording; Briant later justified this lapse in continuity by pointing out that the Time Lords were in control of the machine. A prop flower with petals of alternating colours was made for Jo to study. As the Doctor and Jo surveyed the colonists' dome, a forced perspective model was placed on the cliff-face behind the actors. This was part of a decision by Wilkie to film as much of the model work on location as possible to obtain the correct lighting and background. Also filmed were shots of both the Doctor and Jo in an IMC buggy for Episode Six and the robot in Episode One.

DESIGN MARK 3 SERVO ROBOT

The Mark 3 Servo Robot (Class 3 in the scripts) was designed by Gleeson, who was inspired partly by the IMC engineering motif and partly by a JCB-like piece of equipment with interchangeable hands. Constructed by Magna Models, the prop had a rotating antenna and arms which could be fitted with a sweep device, metal hands, a drilling device or the 'monster' claws. The casing was fitted with pneumatic tyres, but John Scott Martin still found it difficult to either move the prop or stop it running out of control down a slope under its own momentum. Repairs had to be made to the prop after it was left outside in the rain one night. It was also intended that it should be able to carry a tray from which to serve drinks in the IMC spaceship, but the cumbersome nature of the prop meant that its use in studio was kept to a minimum.

One of the main problems caused by the rain was that the quarry terrain made it impractical to film tracking shots with the camera mounted on a Citroen or Land Rover as planned; the vehicles would have become bogged down. Some shots were attempted by mounting the cameras on the two special vehicles hired for the serial. Hulke's script had indicated that IMC used buggies to get around, and for these Briant agreed with AFM Graeme Harper's suggestion to use four-wheeled transporter vehicles called Haflingers. These were rare in the UK at the time; two were hired from Steyr-Daimler-Pach (Great Britain) Ltd and modified by Gleeson (the BBC, however, would have to pay for damage incurred when returning them). The rain also washed away the garden carefully planted outside the dome.

Planned for Thursday 11th was the fight between the colonists and IMC at the city entrance in Episode Six, and Winton's fight with the guard. Joining the cast were Delgado and Nicholas Pennell, plus some more stuntmen and extras. Pennell, playing Winton, had featured in *The Forstye Saga* in 1967. Part of the fight between Winton and IMC Guard Rogers ran on into the next day's schedule. Rogers was an uncredited speaking part played by Walsh, and the fight was a muddy affair shot simultaneously by two cameras. The battle scene required visual effects detonating explosions under rocks to indicate the destruction of the city, followed by a gun battle which required a series of stunt falls from the quarry ridges.

Friday 12th was planned to complete scenes at the city entrance for Episodes Three, Four and Six, as well as the scene of Winton being pursued by two IMC Guards – stuntmen Les Clark and Horsburgh – in Episode Three. After the weekend, Monday 15th was scheduled for the attack on the Master and the Doctor's buggy in Episode Five and the scenes of Jo and Caldwell with the buggy in Episode Six. The first scene required stunt falls by Primitives, a prop boulder to be rolled down a slope, and the buggy to be carefully placed on its side. Filming completed on Tuesday 16th with the fight between the Doctor and three Primitives – Walsh, Powell and Joint – in Episode Two.

Rehearsals for studio began during the final week of February 1971. Joining the cast were two more principal guest actors: John Ringham and Morris Perry. Ringham, cast as Ashe, had previously played Tlotoxl in 1964's *The Aztecs* and Blake in 1966's *The Smugglers*. Perry, playing Dent, would later feature in the action series *The Sweeney*. Several other cast members had previously appeared in *Doctor Who*. Sheila Grant, playing Jane Leeson, was a voice artist who had provided the Quark dialogue in *The Dominators*. Roy Skelton, also a voice artist, had first worked on 1966's *The Ark*; Norton was his first on-screen role in *Doctor Who*. Peter Forbes-Robertson, the First Time Lord, had been a guard in *The Power of the Daleks*. Graham Leaman, the Third Time Lord, had been the Controller in *The Macra Terror*, Price in *Fury From the Deep* – on which Briant had worked – and the Grand Marshal in *The Seeds of Death*. John Herrington, playing Jim Holden, had been Rhynmal in *The Daleks' Master Plan*: *Counter Plot*. Another actor often seen in the series, Pat Gorman, was hired to appear as a Primitive. Delgado was not required until rehearsals for Episode Four; meanwhile, he celebrated his fifty-third birthday on Monday 1st March.

During rehearsals, a surprise was sprung on Pertwee by the production team, who had agreed to help the crew of Thames Television's *This Is Your Life* to profile their star. The Thames team contacted Letts by phone and a plan was concocted to persuade Pertwee and Manning that a reshoot of some film material was necessary. The TARDIS prop was erected near a BBC Television Centre car park on Wednesday 3rd March; the attendant Thames Television cameras had their identifying logos covered by coats. As Pertwee and Manning prepared to perform their close-ups, *This Is Your Life* host Eamonn Andrews was driven up on one of the IMC buggies to spring the surprise. Pertwee, accompanied by Manning, was then taken to the studio recording at Teddington where he was joined by family, friends and colleagues.

Studio taping of *Colony in Space* Episode One took place on Friday 5th March; rehearsal photographs featuring the Doctor, Jo, the Brigadier, the colonists and the Time Lords were taken that afternoon. Recording was between 8.30 and 10pm; scenes were recorded largely in order, bar the final two scenes in the Leesons' Dome, which were taped just before the closing credits. CSO was used for the main screen in the Time Lords' Hall, which Hulke had suggested as "a simple set made to appear large by CSO backing". The film sequence showing Uxarieus ran through this scene, after which a monochrome publicity shot of Pertwee's Doctor (taken from *Terror of the Autons*) was shown; 'alien' hieroglyphics ran across it. After the scene in the Doctor's new UNIT laboratory, a recording pause allowed Pertwee and Manning to cross to the TARDIS set. The control room set was redressed with a free-standing storage unit and computer banks against the far wall. The old photographic blow-up roundel walls were used, and a twenty-two-inch colour monitor replaced the CSO blue roundel from *The Claws of Axos*. This relayed film sequences of light patterns, the Uxarieus model, and finally a colour caption slide of the quarry. The TARDIS set led straight onto a small planetary surface set (Hulke suggested a CSO shot of the landscape shown as Jo's point-of-view). The TARDIS' abrupt dematerialisation was achieved via a locked-off camera.

FILMING VISUAL EFFECTS

Bernard Wilkie's filmed visual effects inserts, on which he was assisted by Ian Scoones, were completed both on location and at Ealing. The scripted opening was a tracking shot through the cosmos to the planet Uxarieus – described by Hulke as "an Earth-type planet with swirling cloud formations" – realised as a glass plate painting with two moons. The models constructed included IMC Spaceship 157 (although Dent would refer to it as Survey Ship 43), the colonists' spaceship (referred to in special effects notes as *The Mayflower*), and the Master's TARDIS/Adjudicator's spaceship. The ships were flown on wires and emitted jets of talcum powder to simulate rocket blasts. The prop of the colonists' ship was fitted with a Schemerly rocket in its tail to achieve its blast-off in Episode Six, and, alongside the colony model, was seen through a circular camera mask which suggested Rogers' POV through binoculars. As with the Doctor's TARDIS, the Master's vessel dematerialised instantly. Back at Ealing, some material was filmed with a four foot-long iguana hired from London Zoo which played the fake 'trinosaurus' (as the effects notes referred to it). The creature was awkward, and attacked the camera crew as they tried to shoot it through an undercranked camera to make it appear larger. Little of this footage was used.

The Colonists' Dome was a linked group of sets including the Radio Area, Ashe's Office and the Main Area, which was a two-level set with gantries. The Doctor's use of Venusian martial arts on Leeson had been added during rehearsals. One of the colonist extras wore a spacesuit from *The Ambassadors of Death*. A recording break after the attack on the Leesons' Dome allowed the set to be 'damaged' for later scenes. After recording the remainder of the scenes in the Colonists' Dome, another break was allowed to fit an optical lens to one of the cameras: the intention was to use this to achieve point-of-view shots of the Doctor as seen by the IMC robot, but these plans were abandoned upon recording. Scheduled pauses to manoeuvre the IMC robot into position, and to show it tearing its way through the dome's plastic wall, were dropped. After this, an insert shot was recorded of Leeson with the giant monster; CSO placed actor David Webb onto the iguana film. Finally, five of the film sequences – including the opening and closing credits – were transferred to tape; the full one-minute ten-second version of the closing theme was used with the Season Seven version of the opening theme (the previous version of the theme had been used between *Terror of the Autons* and *The Claws of Axos*).

Episode Two, recorded on Saturday 6th March, introduced the IMC characters. Photographs of both the IMC men and of the robot attacking the Doctor were taken that afternoon; recording, between 7.30 and 10.30pm, began with a reprise of Episode One's cliffhanger. This episode saw the introduction of the Communications Room which formed the bridge of the IMC spaceship. This incorporated two monitor screens; that used in Episode Two was a large blue translucent gauze which, when correctly lit, became opaque and acted as a CSO screen on which Perry and Caunter's characters watched film of Pertwee and Kay in a buggy (this technique had been pioneered on *The Ambassadors of Death*).

REWRITES
EPISODES THREE AND FOUR

During the second fortnight of rehearsals, there were more script changes. Some of the dialogue in Episode Three in which suspicion was cast upon Norton was dropped (Winton would have remarked that he did not believe Norton to be a trained electrical engineer as he'd claimed to Ashe). Later in the episode, the scene in which the colonists prepare to search for Jo and Winton was reduced, again to remove the Doctor's direct accusation to Norton that he is a "very inefficient electrician". By this time, Ringham and some others of the cast were dissatisfied with the script, pointing out discrepancies in narrative and characterisation which they asked Briant to rewrite.

The IMC Crew Room housed an entertainment console; drapes parted to reveal a CSO screen over which stock film was run. Thirty-five feet of silent 16mm stock footage of warfare was shown, and then specially shot patterns of swirling lights over which played "blaring advanced pop-type electronic music" (thirteen seconds of *Tank*, a synthesizer track by Emerson, Lake and Palmer published by EG Records on Island ILPS 9132). In a later scene, a caption showing futuristic buildings (which Hulke described as "an architect's drawing of high rise flats on floating island in the sea") was fed to the screen, and a pre-recorded voice talking about accommodation was heard. This was the voice of Michael Briant; the role was intended for Pat Gorman (Gorman was hired to play a Primitive on this day, although his on-screen credits for Episodes One and Two still read "Primitive and Voice").

The final scenes in the Leesons' Dome required pauses to position the IMC robot; originally the episode was to have ended with the Doctor, confronted by the robot, saying "Yes, exactly like this." After recording the closing titles, the first scene of Episode Three was taped to save having to erect the Leesons' Dome set again a fortnight later. A new version of the reprise was recorded, with pauses to set in the robot and its control unit.

The rest of Episode Three was recorded on Friday 19th March between 8.30 and 10pm. Delgado rejoined the regular cast; Gorman played IMC Guard Long in Episode Three before reverting to the role of Primitive in Episode Four. Another pre-recorded voice was heard in the IMC Communications Room as the spaceship came in to land. For this episode, the CSO screen used was a yellow flat positioned to the right of the set, onto which the model footage of the colony could be shown as the IMC ship landed. For this manoeuvre, the camera was shaken and rocked to simulate landing, and recording pauses were scheduled to run up the film and for Perry and Kay to then move to the Main Area of the Colonists' Dome.

In the script, it had been indicated that the Earth control voice should be speeded up as the IMC ship received it, but this was changed. As on location, working firearms with blank ammunition were used for action scenes in the studio. Allen's death in the Primitive Dwelling required recording pauses to clear Manning and actor Stanley McGeagh, to record a shot of the Primitive throwing the knife, and then to replace Manning and McGeagh (the latter now with a prop knife blade in his costume). A recording break just prior to the scene showing the Doctor and Winton in the IMC ship allowed Pertwee and Pennell to change into IMC guard outfits; another allowed Pertwee to change back into his usual costume for the scene between the Doctor and Ashe.

Episode Four was recorded on Saturday 20th March (the same day that *The Daily Sketch* ran an interview with First Doctor William Hartnell in which he criticised the contemporary programme). At that afternoon's camera rehearsals, photographs of the episode's two new monsters – the Alien Priests and the Guardian – were taken. Whereas the costume department had been solely responsible for the Primitive outfits, the Priests were achieved in collaboration with Visual Effects, who provided their heads. Three priests appeared in all; Briant hired diminutive actor Roy Heymann as the principal priest alongside two other small extras, Antonia Moss and Stanley Mason. The Guardian was a puppet constructed by Visual Effects; its modulated voice was provided by Norman Atkyns.

EDITING DELETED MATERIAL

Several timing cuts were made, although Episodes Five and Six still ran over-length. Episode One lost some of the Dining Area dialogue between the Martins concerning the danger on the planet. Episode Two was trimmed in three places: the Doctor watching the pattern/music sequence on the IMC ship, the start of the narration about accommodation on Earth, and Jo being suspicious of Norton's assertion that he had spent "a year . . . living off roots". Episode Four lost several lines of dialogue at the hearing where Dent presented his evidence prior to the fake Adjudicator's summing-up; a warning from Morgan to Mary Ashe was trimmed from the end of a scene in Episode Six. A second edit of Episode Six was prepared for broadcast, alongside first edits of the other instalments.

Recording ran between 7.30 and 10pm, and was performed out of sequence, leaving all the Primitives' city scenes until the end of the evening. The fake monster was seen again; this time, the iguana footage was superimposed onto a shot of the wall of the IMC Communications Room and rippled electronically. To hide the true identity of the bogus Adjudicator for as long as possible, Delgado's voice was distorted and filtered in the Radio Area scene where the Adjudicator speaks to the colonists.

After recording the scene in the Radio Area where Winton impersonates the Adjudicator, a break was scheduled and the closing credits for Episode Four recorded (with full theme) and re-recorded for Episode Three. Taping then proceeded with the remaining scenes in the Colonists' Dome, pausing to set up the battle between the colonists and the IMC men. The cameras then moved to the Primitive City sets.

In accordance with Hulke's scripted description of an "eerie light [which] comes from glowing crystals set in the walls" of the city, red pulsing lights were fitted into the city's doors. The pictograms studied by the Doctor and Jo were painted on perspex, allowing Briant to angle shots of the pair through these. A recording pause allowed Pertwee to place his coin in readiness for the Doctor's trick with the Primitive. Only a small section of corridor had been constructed, but recording pauses to move actors and cameras permitted it to be shot from different angles. The Doomsday Room set featured a sliding panel from behind which the platform on which the Guardian puppet was mounted emerged. A visual effects operator manipulated the puppet's jaw and arms against the dark background as Atkyns delivered his lines, and an electronic picture ripple was added as the creature recedes into the wall.

Nicholas Courtney rejoined rehearsals for Episodes Five and Six the following week, leading up to the taping of Episode Five on Friday 2nd April between 8.30 and 10pm, which was recorded slightly out of sequence to clear all the IMC Communications Room scenes first. After a videotape reprise of the battle from Episode Four, there was a re-enactment of the cliffhanger with Pertwee, Manning and Delgado. The three scenes on the IMC set were then recorded, which required a locked-off camera focused on the yellow CSO screen to show the model film sequence of the planet, and later the model shot of the landscape on landing and a photo caption of Uxarieus. A cutaway shot was recorded of a teleprinter relaying details of the real Adjudicator – "Martin Jurgens, Bureau of Interplanetary Affairs" – to the IMC ship.

Recording continued in sequence for the remainder of the episode, starting in the Master's TARDIS set – the first time the inside of his ship had been fully seen. This was effectively a redressing of the control room from the Doctor's TARDIS: the roundel walls and photographic wall were erected around the double doors to the right of camera. The doors led to the red exterior doors of the Adjudicator's craft and a small section of the planet exterior. Small lights were set into the doors to indicate the Master's security alarm. The basic TARDIS set was augmented by a wall of filing cabinets, a section of panelling through which the tranquillising gas emerged, and two hinged perspex tubes in which the Doctor and Jo were held prisoner. The control room also had a colour monitor, showing a caption slide of the planet's landscape later in the episode.

CSO was used for the Master's wrist video screen on which he saw the Doctor and Jo in his TARDIS. Lining up these shots was a long process, requiring Delgado to be motionless for up to twenty minutes at a time. Similarly, the entrance to the city from the location work was replicated in the studio to allow the use of CSO, with insert shots of Morgan, Jo and Caldwell inside the Master's TARDIS on the wrist screen. Episode Five also saw Gorman appear as a speaking colonist, now disguised with a moustache.

The serial's final instalment, Episode Six, was taped between 7.30 and 10.30pm on Saturday 3rd April. Much was recorded out of sequence, beginning with all the scenes in the Colonists' Dome and continuing via the IMC Communication Room, the first scene in the Master's TARDIS, all the scenes in the Primitive City, the final Master's TARDIS scene, and the story's closing scene at UNIT HQ. In this session, Briant's wife, Monique, made a cameo appearance as a female colonist. Episode Five's cliffhanger was reprised at the start of the evening; for the first time, one of the buggies appeared in studio. The large blue gauze screen was used for the conversation with Ashe aboard the IMC spaceship; the TARDIS' dematerialisiation was again realised with a locked-off camera shot.

In the city sequences, there were recording pauses to set the smoke and flash boxes required for the Master's small grenades. This time, the CSO screen in the Doomsday Room was used, the screen sliding up to reveal film sequences zooming in on a galaxy. Another locked-off shot accounted for the illusion of the laser gun vanishing from the Master's hand; the camera was shaken as the Doomsday machine was set to self-destruct. The film sequence of lights seen in the TARDIS during Episode One was superimposed over the Guardian puppet as the camera zoomed in and out. Taping concluded with the UNIT laboratory scene. The long theme was used again on the closing credits.

As was usual for Season Eight, Dudley Simpson provided an electronic score in association with Brian Hodgson of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop; just over thirty minutes of music was used, including the 'Master Theme' developed in *Terror of the Autons*. Fifty-eight seconds of *Build Up To*, a stock music track by Vorhaus, was use/d for the Doomsday Room scenes in Episode Six.

Colony in Space received notable coverage in the Thursday 8th April edition of *Radio Times*, including a half-page preview by Russell Miller and a largely colour comic strip adaptation of the start of Episode One. The artwork came from Frank Bellamy, an illustrator whose work would often be associated with the series thereon. Born in Kettering in 1917, Bellamy started as a commercial artist and then drew strips for *Mickey Mouse Weekly*, *Eagle*, and *TV Century 21*. The strip, *Doctor Who in Colony in Space*, still referred to the previous story as *Vampire From Space* (the working title for *The Claws of Axos*). On Saturday 10th April, the day Episode One was transmitted, *The Sun* ran a piece commenting on the horrific nature of recent serials such as *Terror of the Autons*.

From *Colony in Space* Episode One on, the series was rescheduled to 6.10pm, after the early evening news bulletin. This moved *Doctor Who*'s slot away from Gerry Anderson's *UFO* in most ITV regions, and placed it against the ITV News and non-networked programmes such as *Whittaker's World of Music* (LWT), *The Golden Shot* (Southern), *Nearest and Dearest* (Granada) or films (ATV/ Yorkshire). There was a notable boost in viewing figures from Episode Two, and Episode Three achieved the largest audience of the season; overall, *Colony in Space* was the highest-rated serial of the year. Pertwee's *This Is Your Life* was broadcast by Thames on Wednesday 14th April.

Colony in Space was marketed abroad to Australia in December 1971, and was passed uncut with a 'G' rating. Other sales were made to Singapore, Gibraltar and North America (as part of a 1972 package of thirteen Pertwee serials); both monochrome 16mm film recordings and 525-line colour videotapes were sold. In 1972 a large colour poster of the Doctor being menaced by the 'claw' was issued by Personality Posters; Pertwee had this withdrawn, claiming that the Doctor appeared uncharacteristically fearful.

In 1973 plans were made for Hulke to novelise the serial for publication by Universal-Tandem in May 1974. The book, *Doctor Who and the Doomsday Weapon*, was commissioned by July 1973; since *Terror of the Autons* had not yet been novelised, Hulke gave Jo an alternative introduction. In addition, he changed Robert Ashe's name back to 'John', included references to Monoids and Daleks, and expanded on his characters. The book was published in paperback by Target Books in March 1974 with cover and internal illustration by Chris Achilleos. The book was reissued in June 1978 with a new cover painted by Jeff Cummins; this also adorned WH Allen's hardback of March 1982. From 1983 on, the book was numbered twenty-third in the Target Library. In North America, Pinnacle published *Doctor Who and the Doomsday Weapon* in April 1979; artist David Mann provided his interpretation of the Guardian and a Primitive on the cover. In Portugal, Editorial Presenca published a translation under the title *Doutor Who E A Arma Total*, and in the Netherlands Wim Hohage adapted Hulke's work for RIV as *Doctor Who En Het Dodelijk Weapon*.

By 1978 the BBC had wiped the original two-inch colour videotapes of the serial, although monochrome 16mm film recordings were retained by BBC Enterprises. U-matic colour recordings made from North American transmissions also existed in the hands of collectors. In June 1983 a Canadian television station returned the serial on 525-line two-inch colour videotape. These tapes were converted to 625-line copies for foreign resale and satellite transmissions in the Eighties. Some silent film material from the serial is held in private hands; snippets were seen on the 1993 documentary *30 Years in the TARDIS*. The serial was resold to North America in the Eighties, where it was also syndicated as a TV movie of two hours and seventeen minutes' duration. New Zealand debuted the story in September 1985; UK Gold broadcast *Colony in Space* in episodic and compilation forms in April and May of 1993, and again in May 1995. The BBC retains colour videotapes of the serial as a potential home video release.

Andrew Pixley

AUDIENCE RESEARCH
VIOLENCE ON TELEVISION

Colony in Space featured in a report by the BBC's Audience Research Department; entitled *Violence On Television – Programme Context and Viewer Perception*, it was prepared by Irene Shaw and David Newell and published in January 1972. Episode Three was studied over the period November 1970 to May 1971, and three violent incidents were noted: the opening overpowering of "a guard" (Morgan) by "Dr Who", "Dr Who's male assistant" (Winton) being shot and wounded, and "the monsters" (Primitives) killing the guard overseeing "the girl" (Jo). Compared to criticism of shows such as *Star Trek* and *Z Cars*, *Doctor Who* was treated lightly: almost seventy-five percent of those questioned felt it was suitable family viewing.

Serial HHH **COLONY IN SPACE**

CAST: Jon Pertwee *(Doctor Who)* with Peter Forbes-Robertson *(First Time Lord)** [1], John Baker *(Second Time Lord)** [1], Graham Leaman *(Third Time Lord)** [1], Katy Manning *(Jo Grant)*, Nicholas Courtney *(Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart)* [1,6], John Scott Martin *(Robot)* [1-3], David Webb *(Leeson)* [1], Sheila Grant *(Jane Leeson)* [1], John Line *(Martin)* [1], John Ringham *(Ashe)*, Mitzi Webster *(Mrs Martin)* [1], Nicholas Pennell *(Winton)*, Helen Worth *(Mary Ashe)*, Roy Skelton *(Norton)* [1-4], Pat Gorman *(Primitive)*** [1-2,4,6], Bernard Kay *(Caldwell)* [2-6], Morris Perry *(Dent)* [2-6], Tony Caunter *(Morgan)* [2-6], John Herrington *(Holden)* [2], Stanley McGeagh *(Allen)* [3], Pat Gorman *(Long)* [3], Roger Delgado *(The Master)* [4-6], Roy Heymann *(Alien Priest)* [4,6], John Tordoff *(Alec Leeson)* [4], Norman Atkyns *(Guardian)* [4,6], Pat Gorman *(Colonist)* [5].

* On-screen billed collectively as *(Time Lords)*

** On-screen billed as *(Primitive and Voice)* for [1-2] but did not provide Voice

EXTRAS: Terry Walsh, Dinny Powell, Alf Joint, Mike Horsburgh, Les Clark, Valentino Musetti *(Stuntmen/Primitives)*; Charles Pickess, Ken Halliwell, Bob Blaine, Alan Peters, Brian Gilmar, John Caeser, Ian Elliott, Jay McGrath, Les Conrad, Clay Hunter, Charles Finch, Monique Briant *(Colonists)*; Les Clark, John McGrath, Derek Chafer, Stewart Anderson, Emett Hennessy, Walter Turner, Mike Stephens *(Primitives)*; Brian Gilmar, Brian Justice, Les Clark, Keith Simon, Stewart Stephens, Mike Stephens, Bob Blaine, Barry Stephens, Jay Neill *(IMC Guards)*; Michael Briant *(IMC Console Voice)*; Les Clark, Mike Horsburgh *(Stuntmen/IMC Guards)*; Stanley Mason, Antonia Moss *(Alien Priests)*; Terry Walsh *(Stuntman/Rogers)*; Dinny Powell, Mike Horsburgh, Alf Joint *(Stuntmen/IMC Guards)*; Terry Walsh, Max Diamond, Valentino Musetti, Bill Horrigan *(Stuntmen/Colonists)*.

CREDITS: Written by Malcolm Hulke. Title Music by Ron Grainer and BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Incidental Music: Dudley Simpson. Special Sounds: Brian Hodgson and BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Film Cameraman: Peter Hall. Film Editor: William Symon. Visual Effects: Bernard Wilkie. Costumes: Michael Burdle*. Make-up: Jan Harrison*. Sound: David Hughes*, Tony Millier** [Millier handled 1-2, Hughes 3-6]. Script Editor: Terrance Dicks. Designer: Tim Gleeson. Producer: Barry Letts. Directed by Michael Briant.

* Credited on Episodes One and Six only.

** Credited on Episode One only.

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

Episode One	10th April 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm
Episode Two	17th April 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm
Episode Three	24th April 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm
Episode Four	1st May 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm
Episode Five	8th May 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm
Episode Six	15th May 1971	6.10pm-6.35pm

Viewing Figures

Episode One 7.6M (41st), **Episode Two** 8.5M (28th), **Episode Three** 9.5M (26th), **Episode Four** 8.1M (28th), **Episode Five** 8.8M (23rd), **Episode Six** 8.7M (23rd).

No Audience Appreciation Figures Recorded

The Quatermass Inheritance

compiled by THE MONITOR

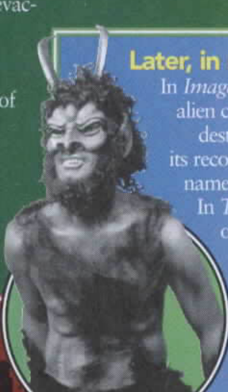
In *The Quatermass Experiment* (1953) . . .
A manned space mission encounters a strange alien organism in flight (the serial's first episode is entitled *Contact Has Been Established*). The rocket returns to Earth; the surviving astronaut, Victor Carroon, exhibits peculiar physical symptoms and British Rocket Group head Professor Bernard Quatermass concludes that the infected Carroon is slowly mutating into a ghastly alien creature. Carroon goes missing; after a frantic search, 'he' is located in the rafters of Westminster Abbey, now a giant betendrilled amorphous horror . . .

Later, in *Doctor Who* . . .
In *The Invisible Enemy*, a manned space mission encounters a strange alien organism in flight (the infected spacemen transfer the virus with the line "contact has been made"). In *The Ambassadors of Death*, a rocket returns to Earth; the surviving astronauts exhibit peculiar physical symptoms. Likewise, in *The Android Invasion*, astronaut Guy Crayford falls victim to alien interference and returns to Earth. In *Arc of Infinity*, Omega's human form deteriorates into alien matter; the Doctor and company embark on a frantic search for him in Amsterdam. In *The Ark in Space*, human Noah is infected by the alien Wirrn; he, too, mutates. Similarly, in *The Seeds of Doom*, human Keeler is corrupted by the alien Krynoid; he mutates into a giant betendrilled amorphous horror the size of a house . . .

In *Quatermass II* (1955) . . .
Small spherical objects fall, as meteorites, upon the English countryside; each sphere contains a fragment of a gestalt alien entity which – through possessing members of the British establishment – takes over a chemical plant modelled after Quatermass' planned moonbase. Hideous alien horrors grow ever larger in the plant's chambers . . .

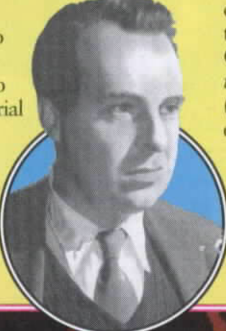
Later, in *Doctor Who* . . .
In *Spearhead from Space*, small spherical objects fall, as meteorites, upon the English countryside; each sphere contains a fragment of a gestalt alien entity, the Nestene Consciousness. It duplicates members of the British establishment and takes over a plastics factory, wherein the Consciousness' full hideous alien form grows ever larger. In both *The Abominable Snowmen* and *The Web of Fear*, spherical objects contain a fragment of a gestalt alien entity, the Great Intelligence. Meanwhile, in *Fury from the Deep*, a strange organism, capable of possessing humans, colonises a gas refinery. Similar industrial establishments are infiltrated by similarly peculiar entities in *Inferno* and *The Claws of Axos*; in *The Invisible Enemy*, the hideous Nucleus of the alien virus grows ever larger in the Titan plant's chambers . . .

In *Quatermass and the Pit* (1958) . . .
A five-million-year-old skull is unearthed beneath London's Hobbs Lane underground station; there, a Martian spacecraft is also discovered, and its mummified occupants disinterred ('Hob' is an archaic term for 'devil'). Quatermass learns that the Martians evacuated their planet and bequeathed to humanity a legacy of primal fears and superstition: a 'race memory'. A mummified alien creature's memories of 'The Wild Hunt' are replayed. Apparently supernatural phenomena – imps and demons, walking through walls – become increasingly common; the Londoners' folk memory, inspired by panic, manifests itself as a giant image of the Devil . . .

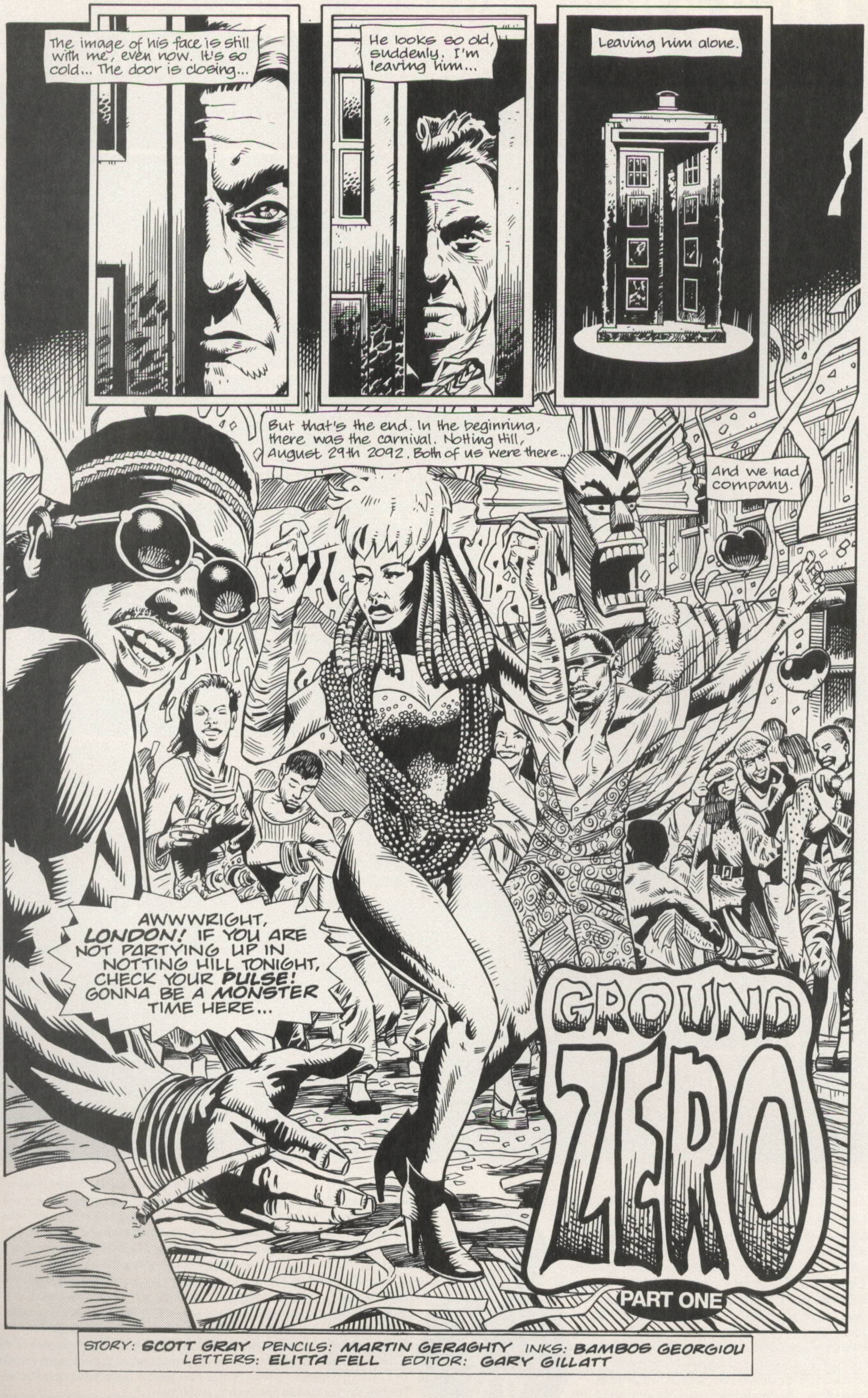


Later, in *Doctor Who* . . .
In *Image of the Fendahl*, a five-million-year-old skull is unearthed; an ancient alien creature, the Fendahl, is learned to have landed on Earth – having destroyed Mars – and affected humanity's evolution. The Fendahl, awaiting its reconstitution, is remembered through supersitition, race memory and archaic names: 'Fetch' ('ghost') Priory and scientist Fendelman ('man of the Fendahl'). In *The Ice Warriors*, a Martian spacecraft is discovered to have been buried on Earth for centuries. 'Race memory' is a feature of *Doctor Who and the Silurians* and *Frontios*; in *The Ark in Space*, a mummified alien creature's memories of 'Swarming' are replayed. And in *The Dæmons*, an alien spacecraft is disinterred from a dig in the aptly-named village of Devil's End; Earth legends of Satan stem from a saturnine alien presence, the alien Dæmon Azal, who has affected humanity's evolution. Azal manifests himself as a giant image of the Devil . . .

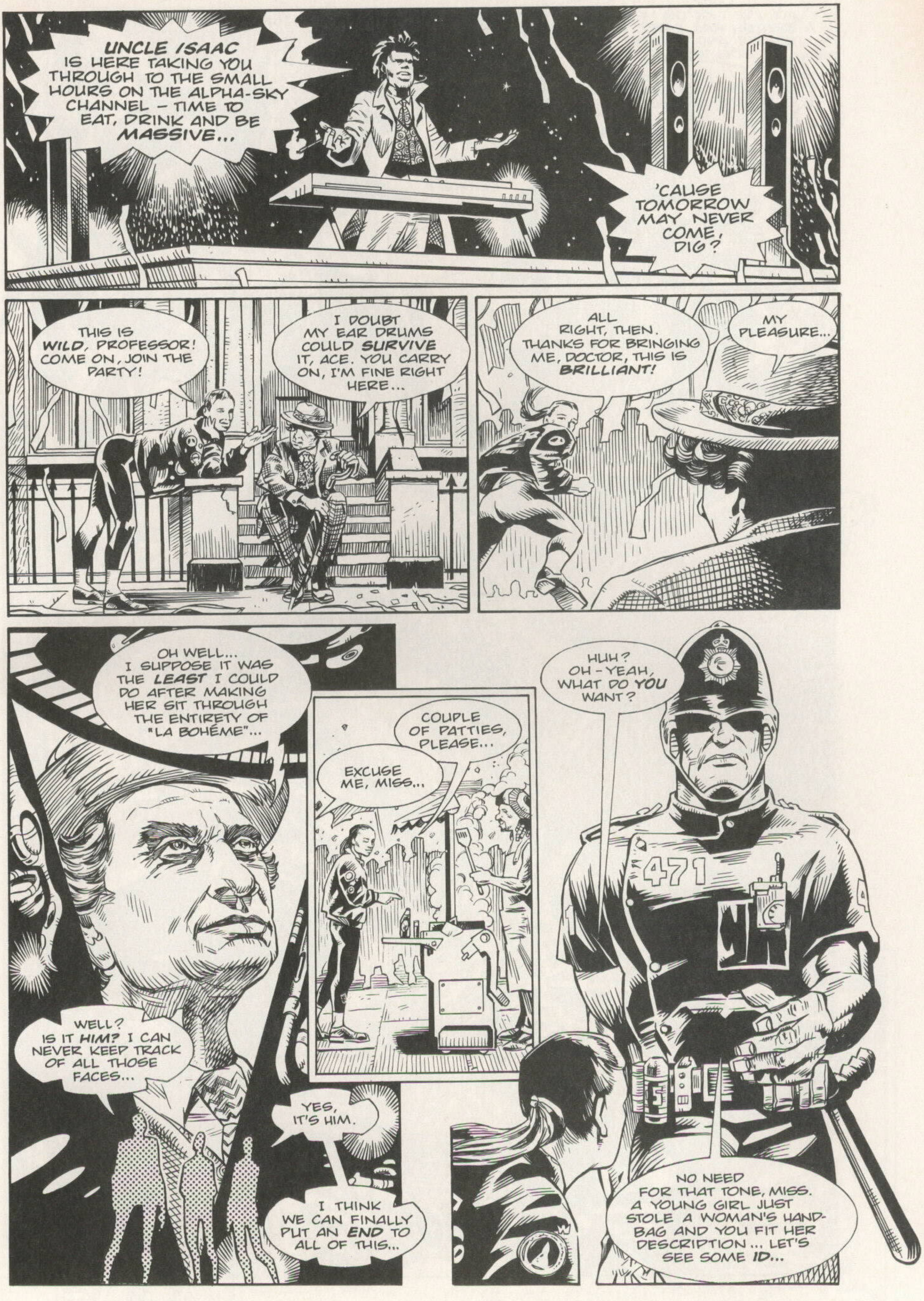
NIGEL KNEALE: *THE MAN WHO INVENTED BRITISH OUTER SPACE*

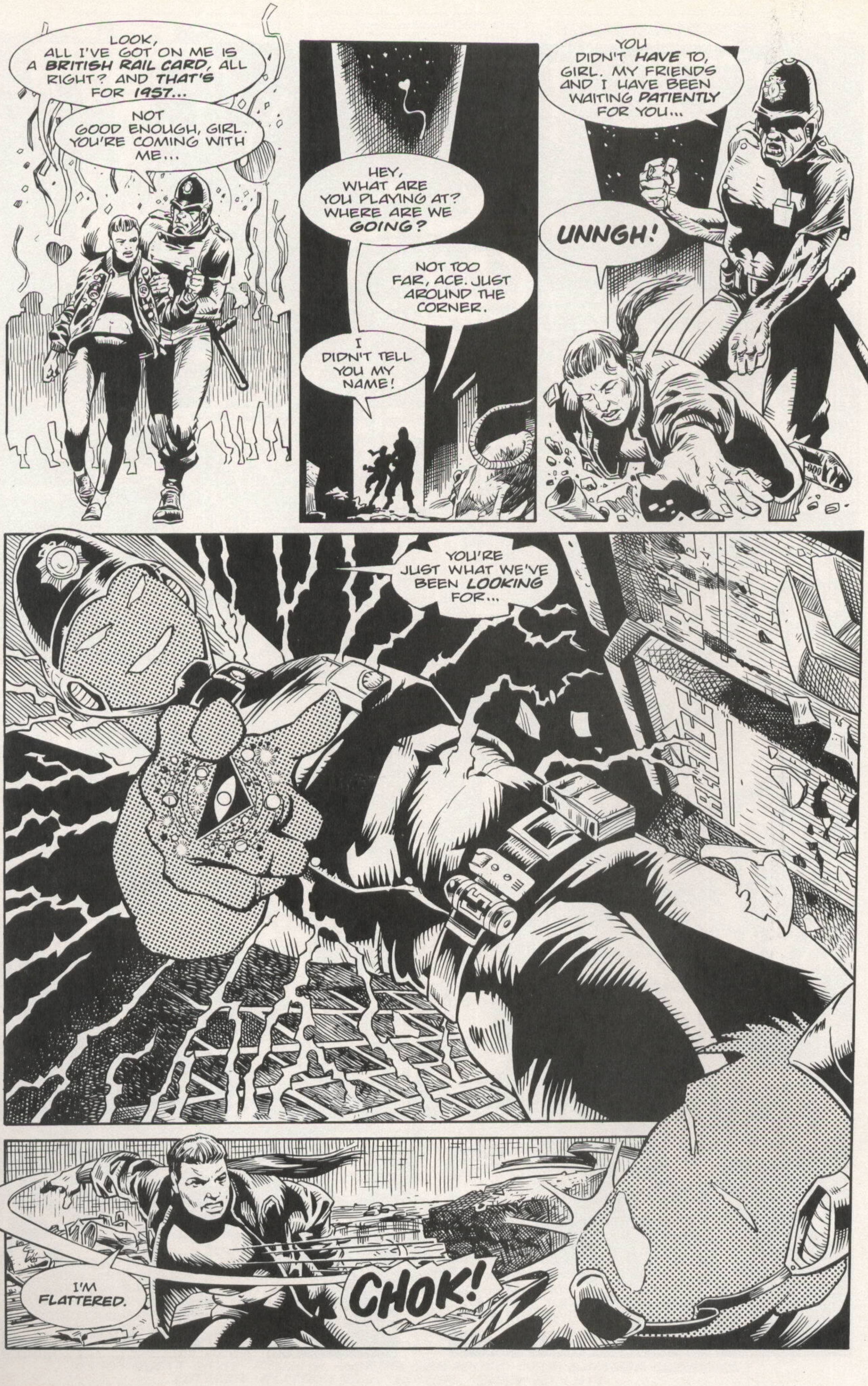


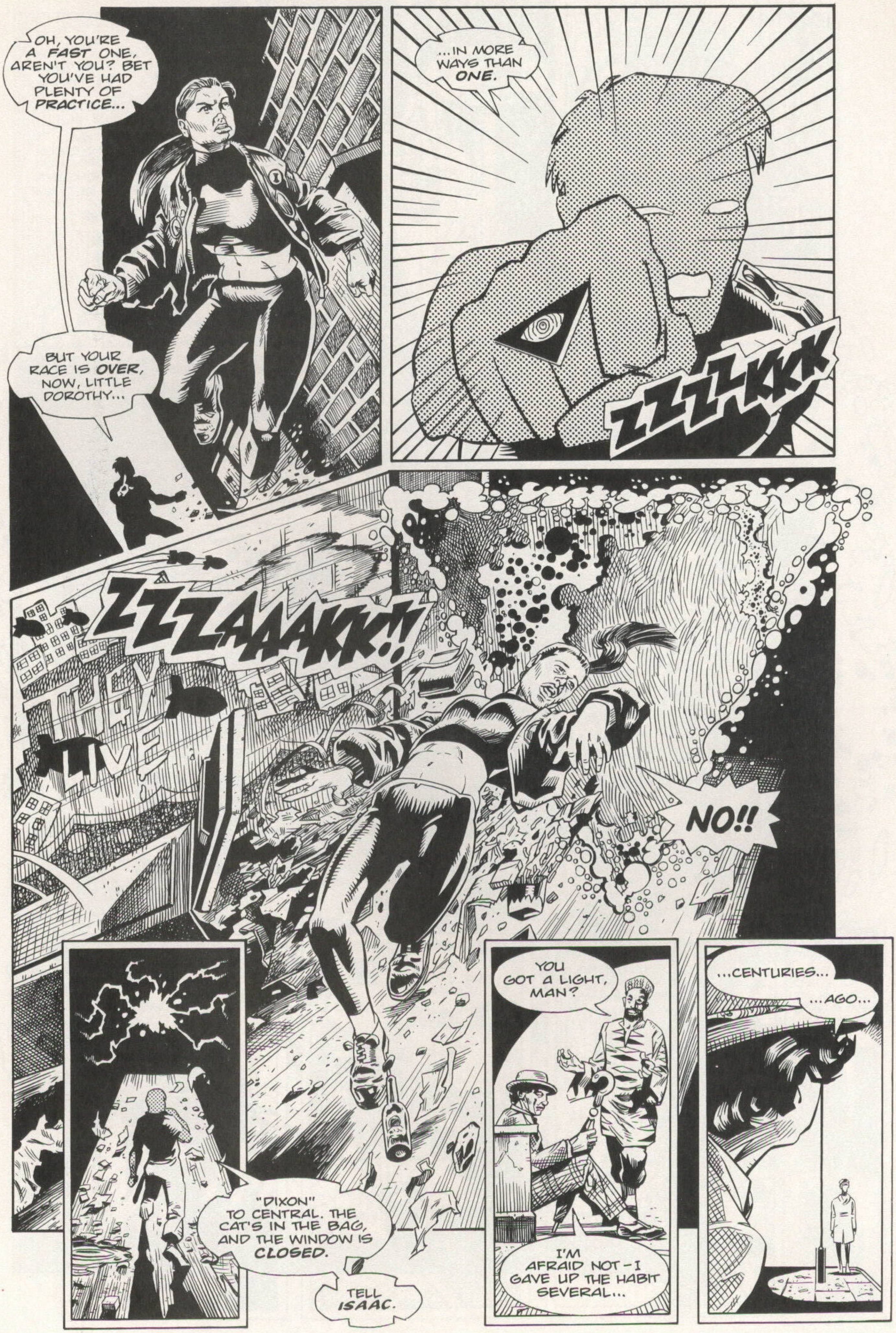
The fictional exploits of television's Professor Bernard Quatermass were recently recalled in the five-part Radio Three drama-documentary series *The Quatermass Memoirs*. BBC staff writer Nigel Kneale created his hero in the summer of Coronation year, 1953; his six-part serial *The Quatermass Experiment* gripped the viewing nation. Kneale was also responsible for the 1954 adaptation of Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* which sparked questions in Parliament; in 1963, he was asked by BBC Drama head Sydney Newman to contribute to the planned BBC science fiction series *Doctor Who*. "It sounded like a terrible idea, and I still think it was," he remarked several years ago. "I didn't want to bomb tinies with insinuations of doom and terror. In fact, that's what they got to doing. I had small children of my own at the time and I found *Doctor Who* thoroughly offensive in that respect." He went on to author three further Quatermass serials, plus one-off plays including *The Stone Tape*, *The Year of the Sex Olympics* and *The Creature*, a tale of the Abominable Snowman (featuring a Himalayan monastery, a Yeti-hunting expedition and highly-evolved creatures living in remote caves waiting to take over the world; elements of this might be seen in the *Doctor Who* serials *The Abominable Snowmen* and *Doctor Who and the Silurians*). *Doctor Who*'s debt to Kneale was covertly acknowledged in the 1988 serial *Remembrance of the Daleks*, wherein the character Allison, facing up to a possible alien invasion of London, remarks: "I wish Bernard was here." Replies associate Rachel: "British Rocket Group has its own problems . . ."

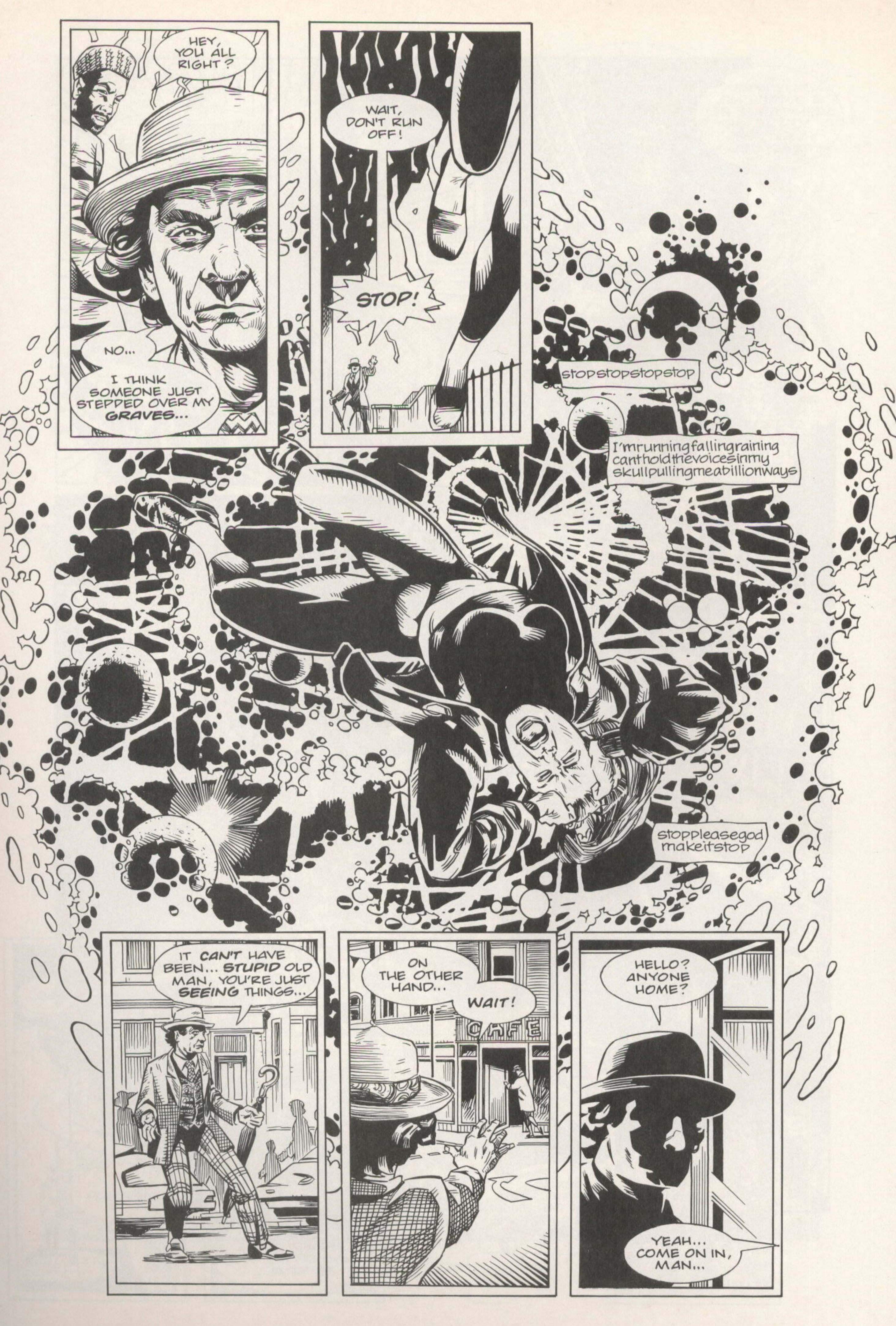

The image of his face is still with me, even now. It's so cold... The door is closing...
He looks so old, suddenly. I'm leaving him...
Leaving him alone.
But that's the end. In the beginning, there was the carnival. Notting Hill, August 29th 2092. Both of us were there...
And we had company.
AWWWRIGHT, LONDON! IF YOU ARE NOT PARTYING UP IN NOTTING HILL TONIGHT, CHECK YOUR PULSE! GONNA BE A MONSTER TIME HERE...
GROUND ZERO
PART ONE

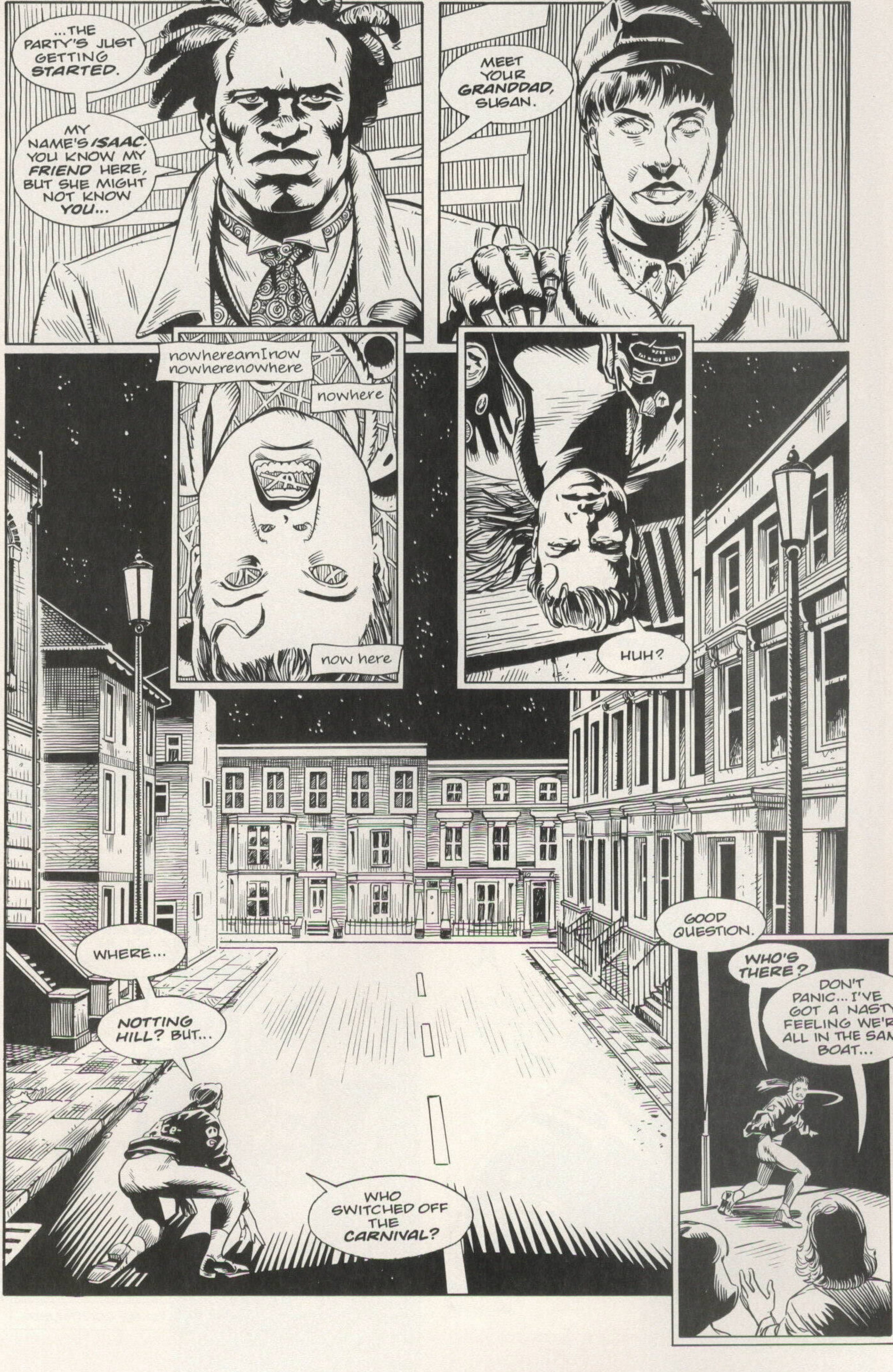
STORY: **SCOTT GRAY** PENCILS: **MARTIN GERAGHTY** INKS: **BAMBOS GEORGIOU**
LETTERS: **ELITTA FELL** EDITOR: **GARY GILLATT**

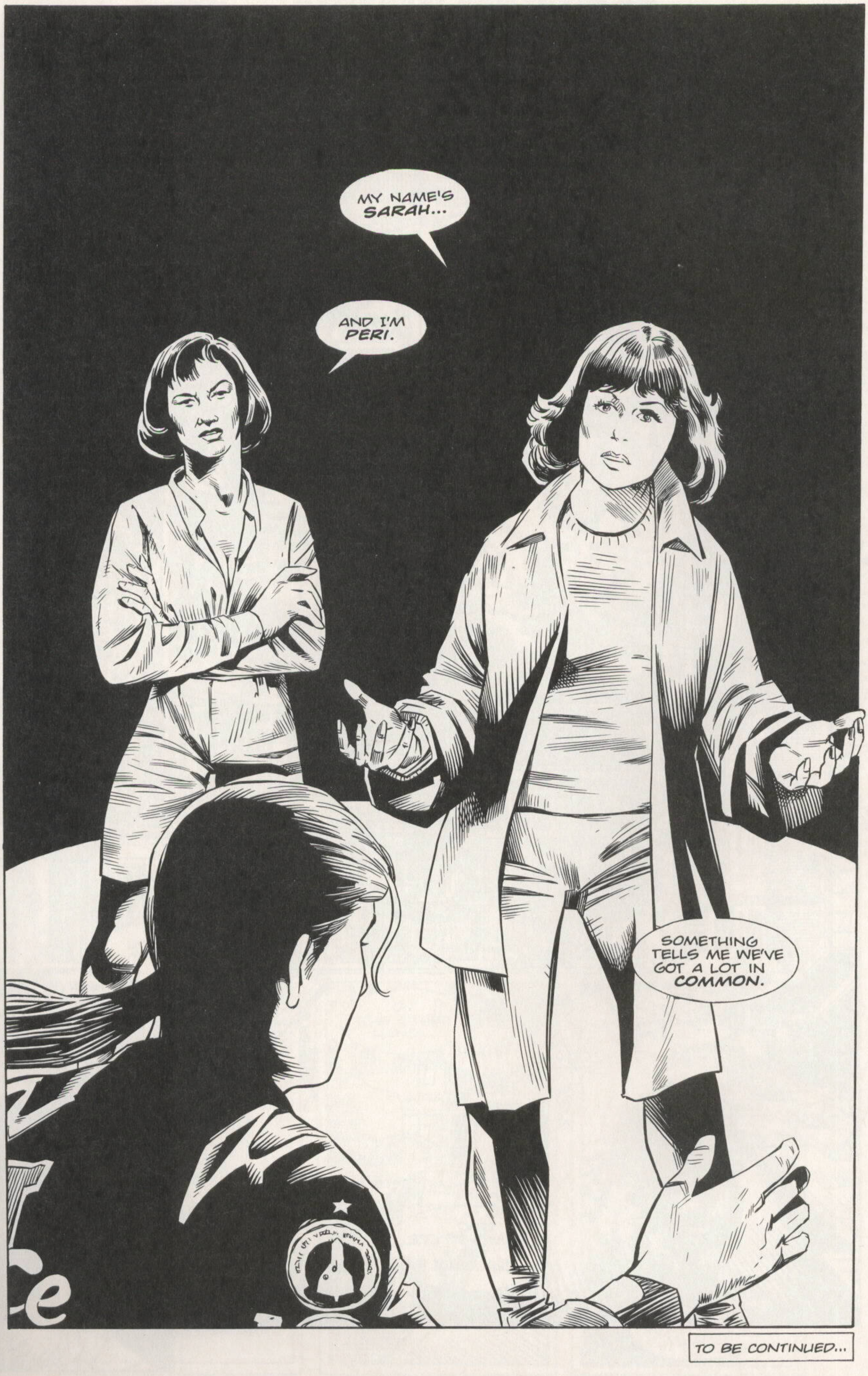

UNCLE ISAAC IS HERE TAKING YOU THROUGH TO THE SMALL HOURS ON THE ALPHA-SKY CHANNEL – TIME TO EAT, DRINK AND BE MASSIVE...
'CAUSE TOMORROW MAY NEVER COME, DIG?
THIS IS WILD, PROFESSOR! COME ON, JOIN THE PARTY!
I DOUBT MY EAR DRUMS COULD SURVIVE IT, ACE. YOU CARRY ON, I'M FINE RIGHT HERE...
ALL RIGHT, THEN. THANKS FOR BRINGING ME, DOCTOR, THIS IS BRILLIANT!
MY PLEASURE...
OH WELL... I SUPPOSE IT WAS THE LEAST I COULD DO AFTER MAKING HER SIT THROUGH THE ENTIRETY OF "LA BOHÉME"...
WELL? IS IT HIM? I CAN NEVER KEEP TRACK OF ALL THOSE FACES...
YES, IT'S HIM.
I THINK WE CAN FINALLY PUT AN END TO ALL OF THIS...
EXCUSE ME, MISS...
COUPLE OF PATTIES, PLEASE...
HUH? OH – YEAH, WHAT DO YOU WANT?
471
NO NEED FOR THAT TONE, MISS. A YOUNG GIRL JUST STOLE A WOMAN'S HAND-BAG AND YOU FIT HER DESCRIPTION ... LET'S SEE SOME ID...


LOOK, ALL I'VE GOT ON ME IS A BRITISH RAIL CARD, ALL RIGHT? AND THAT'S FOR 1957...
NOT GOOD ENOUGH, GIRL. YOU'RE COMING WITH ME...
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT? WHERE ARE WE GOING?
NOT TOO FAR, ACE. JUST AROUND THE CORNER.
I DIDN'T TELL YOU MY NAME!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO, GIRL. MY FRIENDS AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING PATIENTLY FOR YOU...
UNNGH!
YOU'RE JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR...
I'M FLATTERED.
CHOK!


OH, YOU'RE A FAST ONE, AREN'T YOU? BET YOU'VE HAD PLENTY OF PRACTICE...
BUT YOUR RACE IS OVER, NOW, LITTLE DOROTHY...
...IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.
ZZZZ-KKK
ZZZAAAKK!!
THEY LIVE
NO!!
"DIXON" TO CENTRAL. THE CAT'S IN THE BAG, AND THE WINDOW IS CLOSED.
TELL ISAAC.
YOU GOT A LIGHT, MAN?
I'M AFRAID NOT-I GAVE UP THE HABIT SEVERAL...
...CENTURIES...
...AGO...


HEY, YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO...
I THINK SOMEONE JUST STEPPED OVER MY **GRAVES**...
WAIT, DON'T RUN OFF!
STOP!
stopstopstopstop
I'mrunningfallingraining cantholdthevoicesinmy skullpullingmeabillionways
stoppleasegod makeitstop
IT **CAN'T** HAVE BEEN... **STUPID** OLD MAN, YOU'RE JUST **SEEING** THINGS...
ON THE OTHER HAND...
WAIT!
CAFE
HELLO? ANYONE HOME?
YEAH... COME ON IN, MAN...


...THE PARTY'S JUST GETTING STARTED.
MY NAME'S ISAAC. YOU KNOW MY FRIEND HERE, BUT SHE MIGHT NOT KNOW YOU...
MEET YOUR GRANDDAD, SUSAN.
nowhereamInow nowherenowhere
nowhere
now here
HUH?
WHERE...
NOTTING HILL? BUT...
WHO SWITCHED OFF THE CARNIVAL?
GOOD QUESTION.
WHO'S THERE?
DON'T PANIC... I'VE GOT A NASTY FEELING WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT...


MY NAME'S SARAH...
AND I'M PERI.
SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'VE GOT A LOT IN COMMON.

TO BE CONTINUED...

The Telesnap Archive

compiled by Matthew Pereira

During the Seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost forever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

The Evil of the Daleks

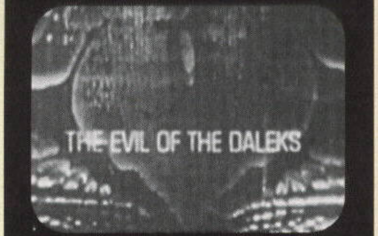
Episode 2

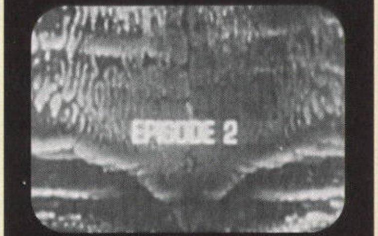
by David Whitaker

Directed by Derek Martinus

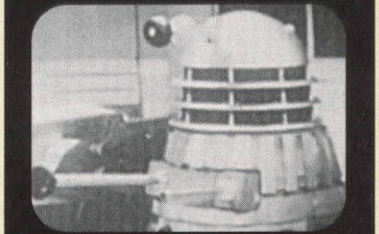
Transmitted 27th May 1967

Editor's note
We appreciate that this episode has been returned to the BBC archive, but as we are also aware that many readers have not yet had the opportunity to see it, we are presenting the original telesnaps here to maintain continuity of narrative.

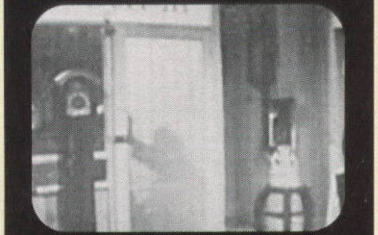




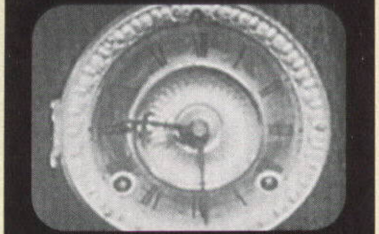
A metalic creature fades into view, its eye scanning the room. 'Who are you?' it barks at Kennedy. 'Answer!' Kennedy, momentarily paralysed with fear, makes a break for the door. The creature fires, killing the thief before returning to the machine and dematerialising.



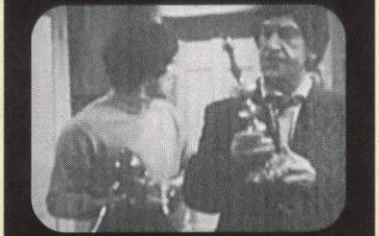
In the darkened antique shop, the Doctor reaches through the door to silence the bell as he and his companion enter. 'I don't know why you're being so cautious,' moans Jamie. 'They left the door open for us.'



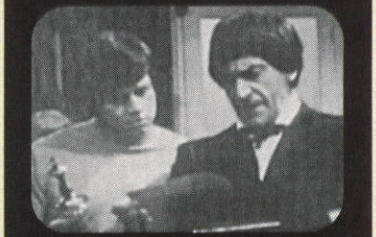
As several clocks chime half-past-nine, Jamie asks why they've arrived early. 'The early bird catches the worm,' whispers the Doctor, trying the door to the corridor. He urges the young Scot to be quiet as they start to look around.



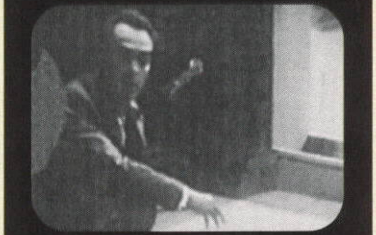
'All this stuff in here is brand new,' remarks Jamie, and declares Waterfield to be a rogue. 'Yes,' agrees the Doctor, 'except that all these things are not reproductions, they're all genuine.' 'Now, that's ridiculous,' scoffs Jamie.



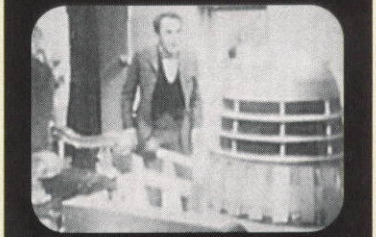
After the Doctor finds an invoice dated 1866, Jamie suggests that Waterfield is using a time machine to bring artefacts back from the Victorian era. The Doctor dismisses this, adding that they should confront the proprietor. They return to the locked door and listen.



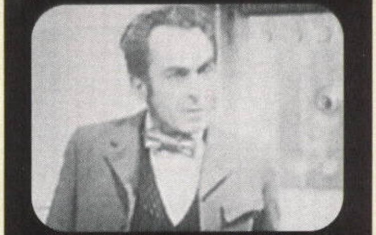
Entering the study, Waterfield discovers Kennedy's body. He rushes to the secret room. 'What happened?' he demands.



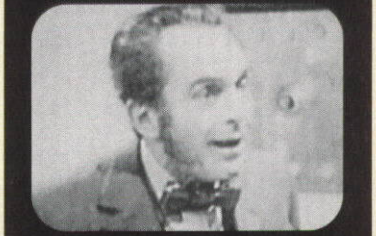
The creature informs him that Kennedy had discovered their communications system and was killed to prevent him telling others. 'What are you dragging me into?' Waterfield cries despairingly. 'You've destroyed a human life!'



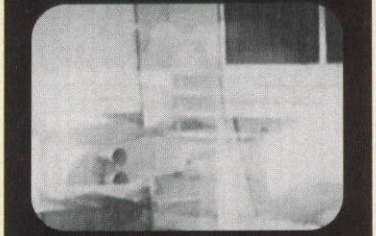
'That is of no consequence,' the creature grates. 'There is only one form of life that matters – Dalek life,' it states. 'Obey your orders, Waterfield.'



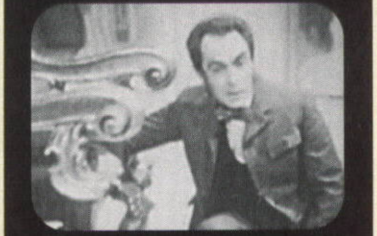
'No, wait!' pleads Waterfield as the Dalek starts to fade away. 'What am I to do with the body?'



'I can't, I can't go on with this,' he sobs, and collapses onto his chair as the Dalek vanishes.



Convinced he heard a voice, the Doctor delays picking the lock when someone approaches the shop. They quickly hide as Perry enters. Waterfield hears the doorbell and hurries back to his study where a panel indicates the shop door was opened.



Perry cautiously listens at the keyhole of the locked door. 'Boo!' cries the Doctor, making Perry jump. He demands to know why he is here. 'I work here,' Perry replies. 'Then what are you creeping about for?' quips Jamie.

The Doctor soon learns that Bob Hall is also an employee of Mr Waterfield. Perry reveals that he also knows Kennedy and suggests a mutual exchange of information.

Waterfield takes a photograph of the Doctor from his desk and returns to the secret room. From inside a trunk he takes a small chest. Inside the chest are a small array of controls. Waterfield carefully activates one of the small switches.

He carefully places the chest between the two pillars. Before closing the lid, he tears the Doctor's photograph in half and deliberately places half of it in the chest, so that it protrudes when the lid is shut.

Perry informs them that the police box is for a private collector and is currently behind the shop. He suggests they climb over the yard gates as the door has an electronic lock. However, as they are about to leave the door slowly swings open.

In the study, Perry recognises the dead Kennedy lying facing the bookcase. The telephone on the desk emits nothing but static, and so Perry leaves to fetch the police. The Doctor suggests they find the TARDIS before the police arrive.

Jamie grows impatient when the Doctor becomes intrigued by the telephone interference and the dead man. After noting he died in terrible agony, the Doctor finds the other half of the torn photo under the right hand of the corpse.

Further observations lead him to the conclusion that there is another room behind the bookcase. Searching the shelves, Jamie soon discovers the keyhole. But as the Doctor searches for something to prise open the door, it opens by itself.

They cautiously enter the secret room, unaware that Waterfield is watching them from the study.

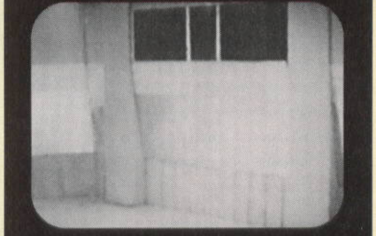
'Well, look at this,' the Doctor grins, looking around the room. 'That's were your telephone interference is coming from,' he adds, pointing at the pillars.

Examining the machine, Jamie notices the chest at their feet. 'Hey, the other half of your picture!' exclaims Jamie and lifts the lid. 'No, don't do that!' cries the Doctor. Choking fumes suddenly erupt from the box, engulfing them.

As the Doctor and Jamie collapse on the floor, Waterfield, pressing a handkerchief to his face, rushes in and closes the lid.
Perry returns to the shop with a policeman.

Slowly, Waterfield, the unconscious time travellers and the machine itself start to dematerialise . . .

. . . leaving no trace that they were ever there.
'That's funny, there were another couple of gentlemen here,' remarks Perry, showing the constable the dead man. 'They seem to have disappeared.'



In a splendid Victorian sitting room, the Doctor wakes to the sound of birdsong floating through the open windows.

Clutching his head, he groans as a young maid enters with a tray bearing a jug and two glasses. 'Hallo, sir, are you feeling better?' she chirps. 'You did have a party last night, didn't you?'

'The master sent this in for you,' she smiles, handing him a glass. 'Mr Waterfield?' the Doctor enquires. 'No, sir,' she replies, 'Mr Maxtible. Mr Waterfield came back from abroad last night, sir, with you and the young gentleman."

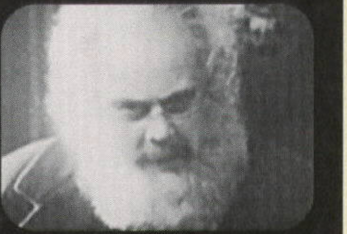
Checking on Jamie, she decides not to wake him. She giggles when the Doctor, revitalised by the drink, asks her what the date is. 'I'm feeling very much better,' he explains, 'but I don't seem to be able to remember the date and where I am.'

'The answers you require, sir, might come better from me,' a man says, introducing himself as Theodore Maxtible. He extends his sympathies, explaining that he is the cause of the Doctor's still-aching head. 'And this is Mr Edward Waterfield I presume,' snaps the Doctor.

Waterfield bows cordially. 'You don't keep your appointments, do you!' adds the Doctor angrily. Maxtible informs him that the house is just outside Canterbury and the date is the second of June, 1866.

'Just what do you think you're up to?' demands the Doctor, complaining of his kidnapping and the dead man. Waterfield quickly states that they had nothing to do with killing Kennedy. 'I don't believe you,' the Doctor says.

Maxtible gravely claims that they are all victims of a higher power. Waterfield says that his daughter Victoria is being held captive and begs the Doctor to assist them. He explains that his daughter is the image of his late wife whose portrait hangs over the fireplace.



Victoria stands looking out of a barred window, feeding the birds.

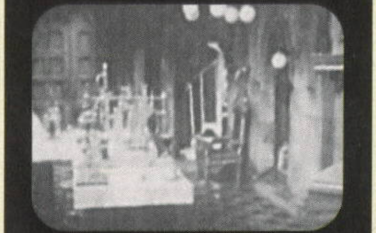
A Dalek enters and she quickly moves away from the window. 'You have not eaten,' it states. 'You will eat – That is an order – Answer!' Victoria nervously agrees. 'You will not feed the flying pests outside,' it adds.

'Move to the machine,' the Dalek barks. Victoria does so and the machine hums into life. Victoria tries to block out the droning as it rises in pitch.

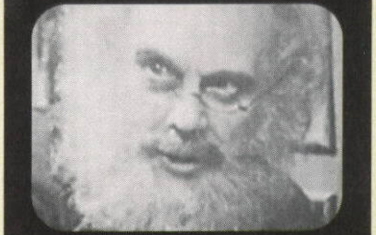
Suddenly the noise stops, and the Dalek orders her to move away. It raises its eye stalk to the read-out. 'The weight of your body has fallen by seventeen ounces,' it informs her. 'What do you expect?' she wails.

'More food will come,' the Dalek tells her as it leaves. 'Eat it or you will be fed by force.' Left alone, the frightened girl starts to sob.

A well-equipped Victorian laboratory lies silent, devoid of all life . . .



'Here we shall not be disturbed by the servants,' states Maxtible, opening the door to the laboratory. He then offers to explain to an anxious Doctor about the mysterious enemies he and Waterfield spoke of.



Maxtible explains he has always been fascinated by the concept of time travel, and with the help of Waterfield he is able to indulge such whims. 'To find a way of exploring time?' ventures the Doctor.

Maxtible states that he followed the published studies of electromagnetism and static electricity. 'Static?' interrupts the Doctor with quiet alarm. Maxtible says that he and Waterfield attempted to first define the image in a mirror and then to project it.

'In here,' says Maxtible, pointing to a gothic cabinet, 'are 144 separate mirrors.' He opens its doors. 'Each is subjected to electric charges, all positive.'

'You mentioned static electricity?' says the Doctor, worriedly. Waterfield explains that after failure with positive and negative charges they experimented with static. 'If only we could have known the powers we were going to unleash,' he laments. 'Powers?' asks the Doctor.

Waterfield says that during their final test, creatures burst out of the cabinet. 'We had opened the way for them,' he moans, adding that they forced him to travel through time and steal the Doctor's police box.

'They knew about me, these creatures?' asks the Doctor, fearing the answer. 'They gave us likenesses,' Maxtible replies. 'What are they called, these creatures?' demands the now-frantic Doctor. Before they can answer, a Dalek bursts out of the cabinet.

'Doctor, now do you understand?' it grates. 'Oh yes . . . perfectly,' he replies slowly. 'Our plan has worked,' the Dalek announces, and tells the Doctor that he will assist them with an experiment. If he refuses, they will destroy his TARDIS.

The Dalek says Jamie is to be the unknowing subject of a test, and returns to the cabinet. 'What is this test?' cries the Doctor. 'The Daleks tell me they have always been defeated by human beings,' Maxtible says.

'In the long run, yes,' confirms the Doctor, anxiously. 'Possibly because of some factor possessed by human beings that is absent in Daleks,' Maxtible suggests. 'Perhaps they want to find out what it is and transplant it into their race.'

Waterfield fears this would make the Daleks invincible. 'I am only surmising,' says Maxtible to his distraught colleague. 'The fact was – nay, *is* – they hold your daughter.' The worried Doctor adds, 'And now they've got Jamie.'

Jamie is awakened by Mollie who hands him a drink. They are interrupted by the arrival of an elegant young lady. She instructs the maid to fetch some tea and introduces herself as Maxtible's daughter, Ruth.

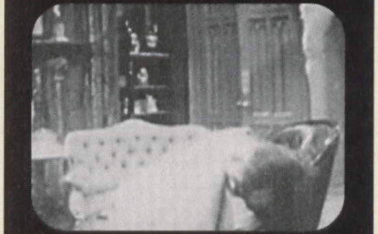
'Have you seen the Doctor?' asks Jamie. Ruth informs him that the Doctor is with her father and will return shortly.

Jamie also asks about the woman in the portrait. 'Mr Waterfield's late wife,' she replies. 'She was very lovely,' Jamie comments. 'Yes,' agrees Ruth, 'And his daughter looks just like her.'

As soon as Ruth has gone, Jamie starts to look around. A roughly-dressed man enters from the garden and quickly hides behind the curtains. Jamie finds a dated letter and realises that he has been transported back in time.

Breathing in the fresh country air, Jamie decides to sit facing the window. But as he moves the chair to face the garden, the man coshes him from behind. The man quickly ducks behind the curtains as Mollie returns.

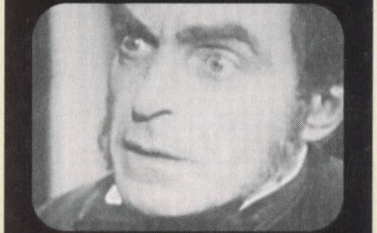
Mollie sets down her tea-tray and assumes the unconscious Jamie has fallen asleep again.



As she pours the tea, the man re-emerges and clasps his hand over her mouth to muffle the young girl's screams.

Outside the sitting room, the Doctor informs Waterfield that he will not allow Jamie to run into danger without warning him first.
Returning to the sitting room, they are shocked to find an unconscious Mollie beneath Jamie's blanket.

The Doctor predicts to a nervous Waterfield that if they cannot find Jamie, the Daleks will kill everyone in sight.
'The humans have been told to begin the test,' a Dalek reports. 'Any delay will result in death,' another replies . . .



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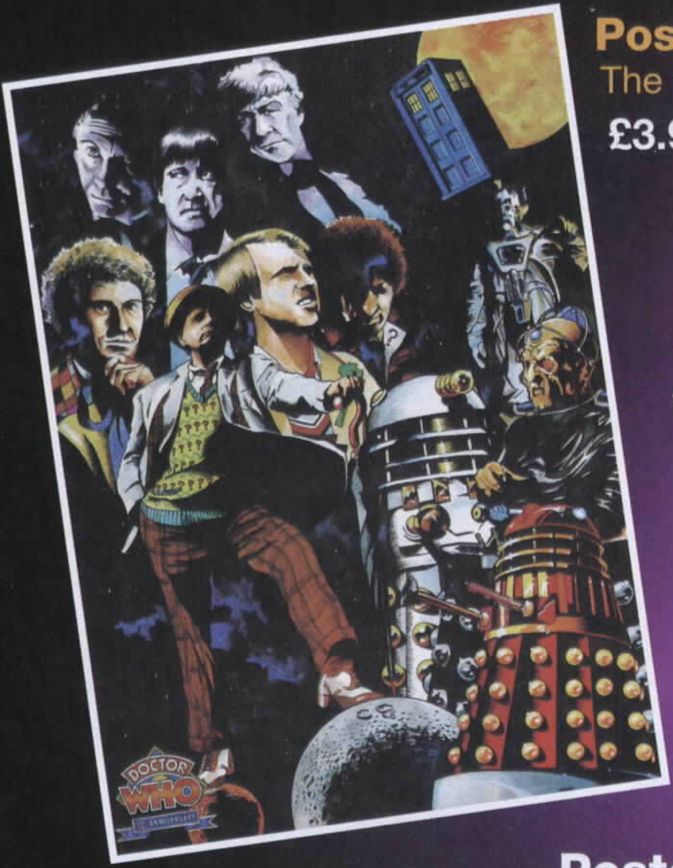

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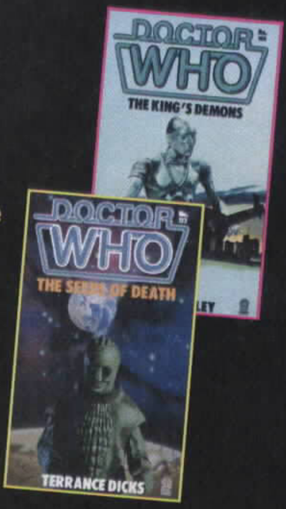
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The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge

Part Three by Alan Barnes

His devilish weapon pointed unwaveringly at the Doctor, Jo and the wild-eyed Naughton, the Master chuckled softly. "My dear Doctor," he sneered, "I do hope you've enjoyed my hospitality. But I fear your residence is about to come to a premature end. Take heart, Doctor; you will be checking out with the whole of this . . ." he glowered at Naughton and Jo, his distaste self-evident, "*species* you seem so fond of."

"Who are you?" demanded Naughton, his voice breaking.

"Just your everyday megalomaniac alien superfiend," interjected Jo.

"Pithily put, Miss Grant," smiled the Master. "I weary of this drab little planet. You people are abhorrent to me, with your small, petty minds and your meaningless lives. The Dragon is a noble creature; savage, proud and fierce – but sadly dwindling in number. The conventional timeline dictates that they will finally be hunted down and made extinct by human pioneers in the Earth year AD 2543. I shall reverse that. Come now, Doctor, smile! I'm protecting an endangered species! Doing my bit for conservation!"

"Bunkum," snapped the Doctor. "You and I both know why this planet is so important. You know its position at the epicentre of the causal nexus. Meddle with this planet's history now, and you're meddling with primal forces of cause-and-effect. As ever, you merely want to exploit the chaos that will result for your own egotistical ends."

"I am the Master," returned the renegade. "I will be master of all."

Constance clattered up the stairs behind them. "Constance!" squeaked Naughton. "Raise the alarm! This man is –" His voice trailed away. The ersatz chambermaid, still in her shiny catsuit, was pointing a hefty service revolver in his direction. "The Master," said Constance. "I know."

"Constance here is assisting me in my efforts," announced the Master. "I must say, Doctor," he added confidentially, "she's terribly efficient. Between you and me, I'm thinking of keeping her on."

There was a loud groaning from behind the door to the Dragon's boudoir. Motioning to Constance to cover the trio, the Master turned his back to the group and entered the bedchamber. The Dragon lay flat out on its back on the bed; slimy sweat dribbled in rivulets from beneath Prunella's scales. Its pink hide rippled, lumps erupting along its girth. "Time Lord!" it cried. "It is now! The time of the Brooding is upon me!"

Constance's gaze flickered momentarily away from her captives. Jo seized the opportunity to slap her to the floor. Flying free of Constance's grip, the gun bounced once on the carpet – and was caught, expertly, by Naughton. He advanced through the doorway, the weapon covering both the Master and the Dragon. "Prunella," he whispered coldly, "have you betrayed me? Have you betrayed my country?"

"Fool!" hissed the Dragon. "Your vanity, arrogance and petty ambition knows no bounds. You were a resource to be exploited, nothing more."

Naughton fell silent for a moment; he appeared to slacken his grip on the gun –

Then straightened up, and fired all six bullets into the Dragon's chest.

*

A great many events occurred in a very short space of time.

Green blood spattered over the blue candlewick bedspread. The Dragon wailed, keening at a frequency too high for the human ear; the windows shattered (on the gramophone's turntable, a copy of The James Last Orchestra's *Classical Pops – Rachmaninov and Other of Your Easy Listening Favourites* cracked violently; shards of black vinyl exploded into the air). Jo Grant screamed. The Master turned as if in slo-mo, and levelled his Tissue Compression Eliminator directly at Naughton (only the Doctor recognised the High Olde Gallifreyan oath his adversary swore at this point, and even he wasn't entirely sure of the translation). Jo Grant screamed again. The Dragon belched a cloud of luminous birthing gases into the room, which expanded on contact with oxygen. The Master was caught in the egested spray, dropping his weapon and clawing at his face as he inhaled the noxious matter. Reeling, Naughton spun out of the room and into the corridor, toppling over Constance; his nose kissed the wall opposite, hard (thick crimson clotted on the wall's cheesy flock). The Doctor grabbed Naughton's arm and yanked him to the stairwell; the Doctor, Jo and Naughton half-ran, half-tumbled down the steps.

*

The trio scrambled across the entrance hall of Hyacinth Lodge; Naughton made a break for the main doors, tripping an invisible security beam as he did so. The guns concealed beneath the antlers of the stuffed moosehead hanging above chittered excitedly; a round of bullets punctured his right shoulder, arm and leg. He rolled across the carpet; Jo and the Doctor ran to his side and propped him up. He opened his eyes wide and shook his fist indignantly at the moosehead. "You're not supposed to shoot at me!"

"Where are the defensive systems controlled?" urged the Doctor.

"From the basement," groaned Naughton, breathless, unable to quite take in the mortal damage inflicted upon his nearly-but-not-quite sexagenerian frame. "Don't bother," he added, "the command codes are known only to the Security Officer."

"Who is?" asked Jo.

"Constance," he replied. "Bugger." He swooned, his eyeballs rolling backwards in their sockets.

The Doctor slapped him awake. "Come on, man! My sonic screwdriver – where did you put my sonic screwdriver?"

"In the office," groaned Naughton, gesturing to the doorway past the reception desk.

Thundering feet clattered on the stairs above; the Doctor hauled the bloodied hotelier over his shoulder and staggered behind the counter. Jo scampered after them, slamming the office's glass-panelled door behind them. Inside the musty little room, lined with warped timber, the Doctor dumped Naughton in a shabby leather armchair. "Well," he said after a brief pause, "you've placed us in a fine mess now, haven't you?"

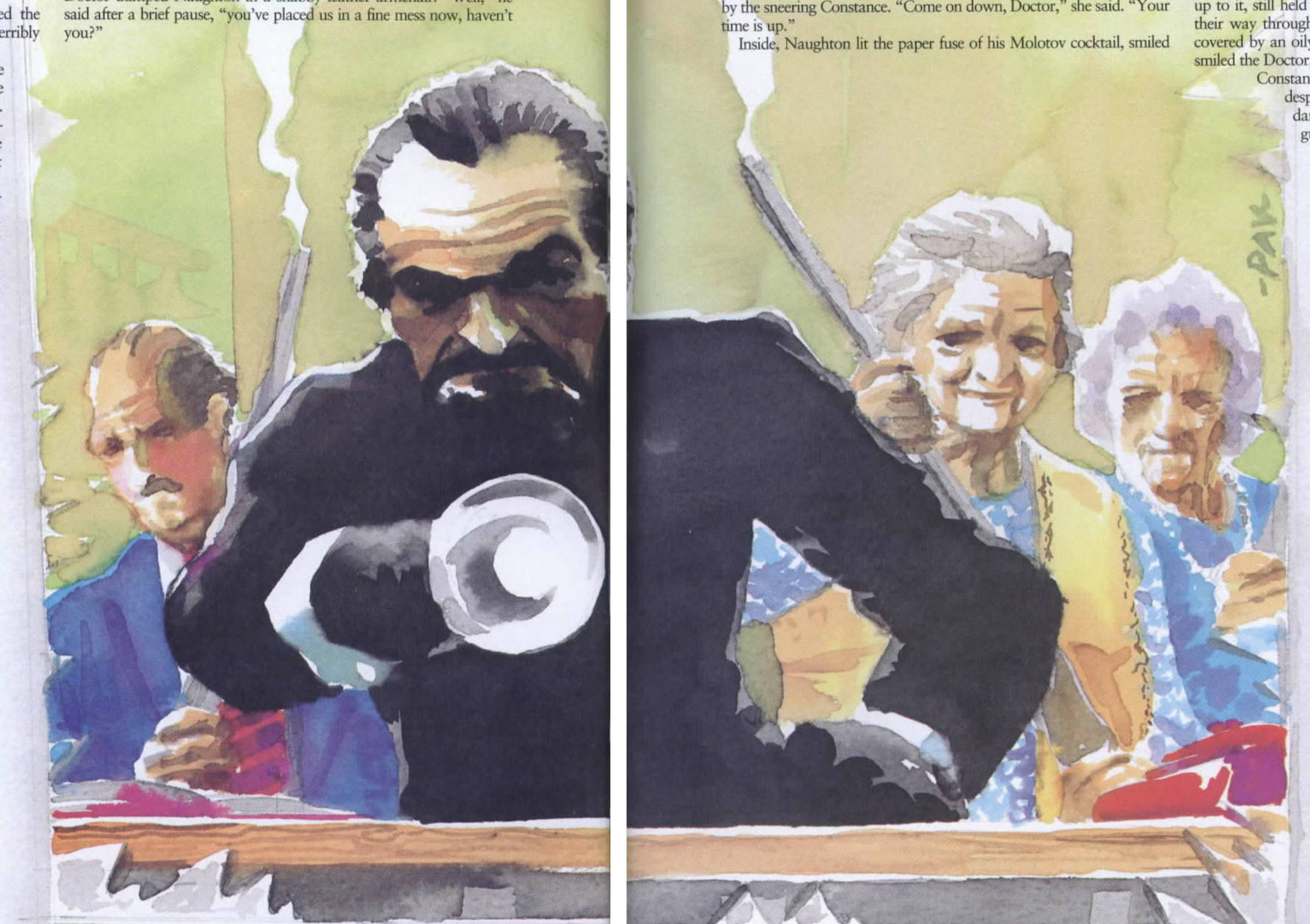


Illustration by Paul Vyse

Weakly, Naughton waved a finger at a chipped bureau in the corner. "Your screwdriver is in the third drawer down."

Jo found it. "Come on, Doctor," she urged. "We can leave by the windows."

"I'm afraid not," said the Doctor, shaking his head. "It takes more than lead pellets to destroy a Mexxonian Dragon. Our trigger-happy friend here has merely succeeded in aggravating the creature's cycle. She is brooding now; we've only a matter of minutes before the infestation will become irreversible."

The glass door exploded inward, showering the room with jagged splinters; the Doctor and Jo dived to the floor. The Doctor peered upwards through the shattered door's frame; some twenty feet away, behind the desk, stood his mocking nemesis. The Master was flanked by Major Ballard and two sweet little old ladies; the three lieutenants all carried smoking rifles. Vacant as zombies, they reloaded their weapons in unison. "Come on out, Doctor," ordered the Master. "I would so prefer to kill you by mine own hand."

"But how can we kill the Dragon?" hissed Jo to the Doctor.

"I know," croaked Naughton. The Doctor and Jo turned to face the woesome little man. "By fire," he said. He was sitting up against his drinks cabinet, clutching a full bottle of brandy; the cap unscrewed, he'd thrust a twist of paper down its neck. "This is a very old building," said Naughton. "Not built to modern safety standards."

Another fusillade of shots from outside peppered the room's interior. Naughton held up a petrol lighter for the Doctor's inspection. "I'm going to do the decent thing," he said. "Go, Doctor. Go now."

The two men met one another's gaze, and held there for what seemed an impossibly long time. Jo, meanwhile, had opened the window and exited. "Please, Doctor," she hollered from outside the lodge, "Hurry!"

"England expects every man to do his duty," said Naughton. He flicked the lighter's flint; a jet of flame danced between his fingers. "Thank you," said the Doctor eventually. He turned on his heel, and clambered outside –

Where Jo stood, hands in the air, held at the point of an elephant gun by the sneering Constance. "Come on down, Doctor," she said. "Your time is up."

Inside, Naughton lit the paper fuse of his Molotov cocktail, smiled ruefully, and hurled it through the broken doorway. "My duty," he whispered, to no-one in particular.

The main hallway of Hyacinth Lodge burst into flames.

*

The sound didn't make Constance so much as flinch; she kept the gun's fluted barrel trained on the Doctor. In turn, Jo levelled the reclaimed sonic screwdriver at Constance. "Don't make me laugh, girl," she said. "I know you can do me no harm with that."

"Think again," said Jo, and pressed hard on the screwdriver's head; a high-pitched thrumming filled the air.

Four feet behind Constance, one of the landmines buried in the grounds of the lodge exploded. Constance was flung forward by the blast; displaced earth and turf showered the trio. Jo scrambled for Constance's gun, and pointed it at the stunned and groggy girl. "Well remembered, Jo," beamed the Doctor. "On your feet," he ordered Constance. "You can lead us across the minefield."

*

The hotel burned. The ever-so-slightly singed Master raced through its disintegrating corridors and up the stairs. In an alcove just past Prunella's former bedchamber stood an unremarkable grandfather clock; the Time Lord made a runic gesture before it, and stepped inside his TARDIS. He crossed to the central console, punched a sequence of buttons rapidly, and pulled a prominent lever. The central console began to rise and fall as his time and space machine dematerialised.

He took a step back, chuckling.

Another laugh joined his.

The Master turned. Behind him lay the mortally-wounded Dragon, its innards seeping onto the floor. Ejected spores blossomed in the craft's still air. "Time Lord," croaked Prunella, "I am going to die now. But in minutes, my spores will grow and evolve, will become little babies. And, Time Lord, they will be so very hungry."

The Master's eyes widened in terror.

*

The garage was a long, low out-house some three hundred yards beyond the lodge; Constance, the gun-toting Jo and the Doctor trooped up to it, still held in the regimented single-file in which they'd picked their way through the mine-festooned lawn. Inside the garage, part-covered by an oily tarpaulin, was a canary-yellow roadster. "Bessie!" smiled the Doctor, patting his car's bonnet.

Constance crossed the floor to where a muddy ex-army despatch bike stood, and made to mount it. "Don't you dare," said Jo, "you're coming with us." She jabbed the gun menacingly in the woman's direction.

"How very tiresome," Constance sighed. "I'd hoped it wouldn't come to this." Then, pursing her lips, she said clearly: "The rain in Spain rains mainly on the plain."

Jo tensed immediately. "Turn the gun on the Doctor," instructed Constance. Jo did so, levelling the bulky weapon to her Time Lord mentor's head. The Doctor raised one eyebrow. "So sorry, Doctor," sneered Constance. "I used the Pavlov Machine to bury a certain code-phrase deep within your young assistant's subconscious when I had her in the Reprogramming Room. Just as well, really. She'll do exactly as I say." Constance slung one PVC-clad leg over the bike's saddle and gripped the handlebars firmly. "Adieu, Doctor," she smiled.

"My dear young lady," protested the Doctor. "Let's be reasonable –"

Constance revved the bike's engine, cutting him dead. "Kill the Doctor, Jo," she said simply, and sped off through the gates, her machine belching carbon monoxide in its wake.

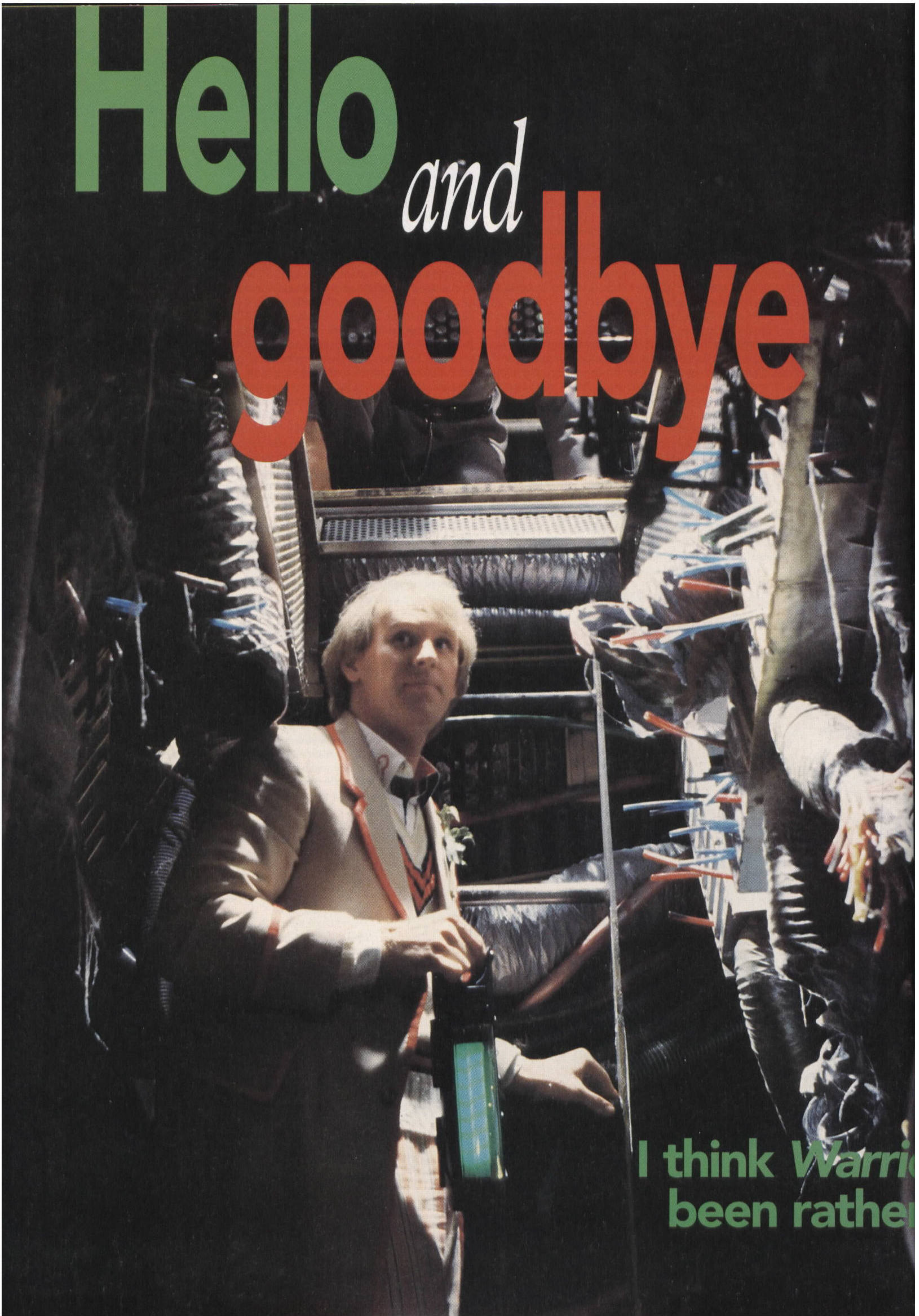
The gun's cold barrel pressed hard against the Doctor's temple. He turned his head a fraction to face Jo. "Kill the Doctor," she mouthed. A single tear trembled in the corner of her right eye; it grew bigger, fell, and coursed directly down her cheek. The knuckle of her forefinger whitened. Slowly, she began to pull on the trigger.

The Doctor met her gaze; Jo's eyes, though salty, were dulled and soulless. He reached for his TARDIS' ornate circular key – which hung, as ever, on a loose cord around his neck – and brought it level with her face.

"Now, Jo," he said, in a calm and soothing meter, "listen to me very carefully." He let the key swing before her eyes in a measured tick-tock motion. "Klokleda partha mennin klatch . . ."

Behind them, the fire reached the gas main, and Hyacinth Lodge exploded. ◆

Hello *and* goodbye



Left:
The Doctor (Peter Davison) investigates the underground mysteries on *Frontios*.
Photo © BBC

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS

CHAPTER SIX – SEASON TWENTY-ONE

Doctor Who's longest-serving producer continues his revealing account of his years with the series

After the interesting and illuminating experiences we had all enjoyed with *The Five Doctors* and the Longleat celebration over Easter 1983, it was back to making another season – one where the regular cast of the first story bore no resemblance whatsoever to the regular cast of the last story. A case of 'Hello and goodbye'!

WARRIORS OF THE DEEP

Shall we start with the Myrka? Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin. It was during the studio session that I received a phone-call from Visual Effects to say that the Myrka would not be ready for the studio the following day. I had known that there were problems with the effects on this story, due to the sheer volume of work, but this was a bombshell. There was no way we could abandon all the Myrka scenes and not have a whole day's studio remount. The Planning Department, quite rightly, said that they couldn't bear the cost. Visual Effects, who virtually attempted to forbid the use of the Myrka (something not within their remit), wouldn't pay for the inconvenience caused, and our programme budget simply didn't have enough 'knicker elastic' money to finance a remount. The telephone discussions went on for several hours. In the end I had to insist that the Myrka was recorded as scheduled. It was thoroughly unsatisfactory, but I had no alternative. The poor men who were to be inside and operate the 'skin' had virtually no time to practice. Many effects assistants and designers worked through the night on the thing to improve its condition. Because the Myrka was still being worked on (even on the studio floor), I have a feeling that none of us in the gallery knew what condition it was in until that great door came falling down to reveal the creature. Just writing about it has made me feel quite cold. Director Pennant Roberts was as disappointed as I was, and attempted to show only as much of it as was necessary. Of course, after the event there was a post-mortem; memos, apologies and all the rest of it, but the fact remains we were let down badly by a department that failed to pay for its own mistakes. The Myrka wasn't added to the script at the last minute, we weren't late with the casting; there was no blame to be attributed to the production team itself.

I'd been on a trip to America during the rehearsal of this story with Jon Pertwee. A favourite pastime of mine was to bring back US candy bars with very peculiar names. Snickers bars were not known at the time in Britain, for example. Jon was rivetted with the fun of this shopping spree and joined in. I'd been telling him who was in the guest cast of *Warriors of the Deep*, and as the voluptuous Ingrid Pitt was an old chum and he'd worked with her on *Doctor Who*, he gave me a bar called 'Mounds' which he said I was to give to Ingrid with his love. The cast and crew were hysterical, as was Ingrid, when her Mounds were presented just before the producer's run-through.

We did an OB on this story at Shepperton Studios and a diving school, because of the water sequences. We had decided that this story should be shot entirely on video, and Ealing Film Studios didn't allow Outside Broadcast equipment on its stages. Besides, the Ealing water tank had a hole in it!

Tony Burrough created an ingenious jigsaw set which enabled a relatively small amount of scenery to be re-configured, thus creating the illusion of an enormous underwater base. Unfortunately, white scenery kicks back every iota of light that's around. It's a great pity, really, because I think we would have got away with the Myrka rather more, and made the Sea Devils and Silurians more effective if, even at a late stage, we'd immobilised the Sea Base lighting system in the story. However, recording out of sequence did not give us that option.

I think *Warriors of the Deep* has been rather unfairly dismissed – many elements of the story and production are very good. Perhaps the Myrka problem overshadows the better aspects of the story, although I never liked the ending with the base full of dead bodies.

THE AWAKENING

On the whole I liked this story very much. Michael Owen Morris made an impressive directorial debut and as he'd worked with Keith Jayne extensively on *The Onedin Line*, he recommended Keith to play Will. Keith's portrayal of Will was splendid. So splendid, in fact, that for a short while we considered Will clambering aboard the TARDIS as a regular. However, we decided that as he was from another time and wasn't a mathematical genius like Adric or a bio-chemist like Nyssa, the audience would soon get bored with scenes like the one at the end of Part Two about ale and tea, amusing and appropriate though it was in this context.

Most of you will know of the famous out-take from this story, featuring the horse demolishing the prop lych-gate. I stood and watched it happen on location with abject horror, though, of course, in retrospect it was terribly funny. No-one, including the horse, was hurt.

Saward wrote all that stuff about the planet Raaga to explain how the Malus had arrived in Little Hodcombe. It does mean the story doesn't dwell too much on the Devil's agent aspect, but looking at it recently, I think it would've worked far better without Saward's 'squidgy' stones.

Originally this was to be a four-part story, but we in the front office, felt it had insufficient plot to merit that many episodes. I feel our instinct was correct, and *The Awakening* makes for a highly entertaining two-parter. There is something very, very uncomfortable about war games being taken too seriously.

I'd decided by this time that if Peter Davison was leaving, I certainly didn't want to wait nine months before the new Doctor had a full adventure. I'd experienced that disadvantage before, and aided by *The Five Faces of Doctor Who* season of repeats, overcome the problem. Old repeats by then, though, had rather gone out of fashion again (although judging by the current TV schedules, someone now is obsessed with them!).

However, Peter wasn't too happy about not completing three full seasons. I must be honest and say that Peter had always said he'd only do three seasons in the show, and when I'd taken up the option on his contract for the twenty-first season, his agent, the late John Mahoney, informed me that Peter wasn't prepared to grant me another option. At the time he wasn't saying he *wouldn't* do a fourth season, just that he wouldn't grant me an option on one. A few months after that discussion I had to know for our planning purposes whether, in fact, Peter would be interested in staying on for Season Twenty-Two. His answer was in the negative, so the search was on for Doctor number six.

FRONTIOS

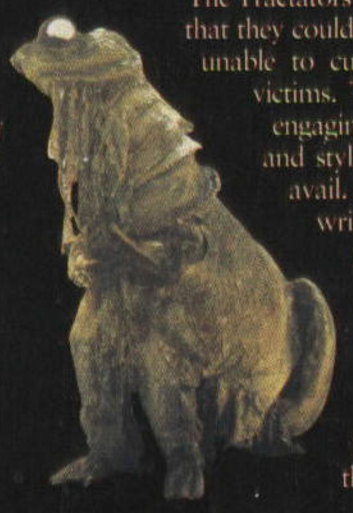
I was really looking forward to working with the late Peter Arne. His mysterious killing occurred shortly after a costume fitting for *Frontios*, in which he was to play Range. The newspaper billboards around London, including those near the Shepherd's Bush offices, proclaimed in bold type 'DOCTOR WHO ACTOR KILLED'. Peter Davison's wife Sandra Dickinson almost crashed her car when she caught a glimpse of one such hoarding on her way into London, assuming it referred to her husband.

I'd worked with Lesley Dunlop, or 'Lesley Slumslops' as she was nick-named, on *Angels*, and Peter Gilmore had appeared in a huge charity show at Drury Lane Theatre which I wrote and directed some time previously. Lesley and Peter, like so many well-known actors, had long wanted to appear in *Doctor Who*. I suspect the show's longevity is the main reason people are drawn to the programme but let's face it, virtually everyone has a son, daughter, niece, nephew, etc who possibly tunes in regularly. As Ken Dodd said, "Why do I want to be in *Doctor Who*? It's so British – *Doctor Who* is as traditional as cricket, tea and crumpets!"

Again, I liked this story. Chris Bidmead's work was always original in concept and the idea of the TARDIS being split asunder was terrific. It was an ambitious script, even more so in its original form, but then it's always preferable to have an over-ambitious script and pull back on it than to attempt to tart up an under-ambitious one.

The Tractators were a splendid design, let down by the fact that they couldn't do what the script required. They were unable to curl up or wrap themselves around their victims. True, we'd gone to the expense again of engaging dancers in order to achieve an original and stylised way of moving, but it was all to no avail. And as for their peculiar arms, well! Limp-wristed is one word that springs to mind! I can think of several others!

I don't remember whose idea it was to cliffhanger out of this story and into the next, but it worked extremely well. It may well have been one of Saward's good ideas. We also got rid of that odd hat-stand from the TARDIS console room thanks to Chris.



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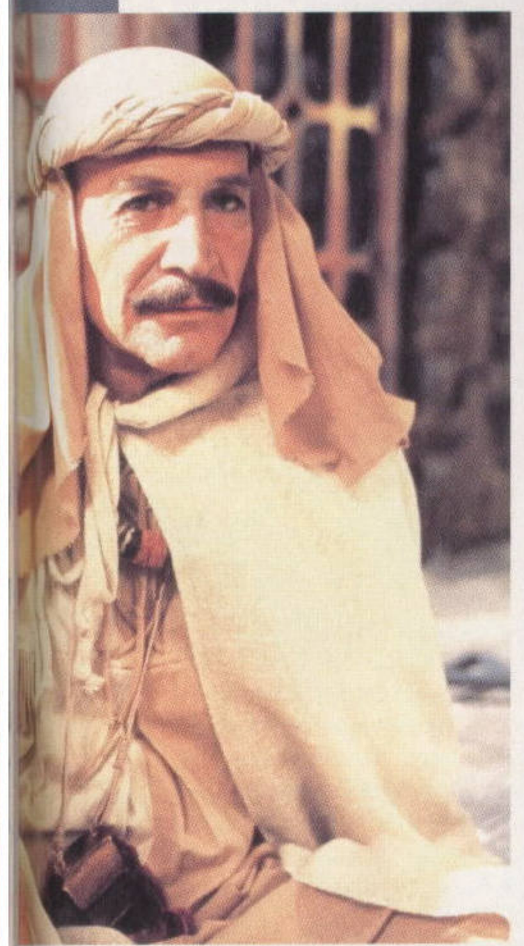


Above, left to right: The Doctor becomes a victim of the war games in Little Hodcombe, a result of *The Awakening*; Davros (Terry Molloy) recovers from his long cryogenic suspension in *Resurrection of the Daleks*; Timanov (Peter Wyngarde), keeper of the faith of Logar on Sarn, the *Planet of Fire*. Photos © BBC

RESURRECTION OF THE DALEKS

The late Michael Wisher wasn't available to recreate the role of Davros, but the director, Matthew Robinson, knew Terry Molloy, who is a brilliant actor and a talented mimic.

Saward provided a terrific action-adventure script which had been slightly re-written to accommodate Tegan's departure. The story should have ended the previous season but was hit by industrial action. Due to the Winter Olympics, we were asked to transmit this story as two forty-five-minute episodes. I feel sure that the relatively unaffected audience figures that resulted from this major break in tradition were the chief reason why the Controller decided on re-shaping the following season.

I'd met David Ryan, a producer in Denver who was extremely keen to be attached to the BBC in general and *Doctor Who* in particular. David joined us for several months, attaching himself to Michael Owen Morris' production, then getting involved with both *Frontios* and the Dalek yarn. He was a delight to have on the firm and was very popular with the production teams.

Matthew also cast Leslie Grantham in this story, before he became a household name as Dirty Den in *EastEnders*. I remember when the news broke that he had served time in jail, I was chased all over the place by the press to establish what part he'd played in *Doctor Who*. For once I refused all calls about Leslie, not wishing to make his life any more unpleasant by revealing that he had played a murderer.

Record producer Ian Levine was a great help with regard to recommending brief clips for use during the Daleks' interrogation of the Doctor, although the Leela one was omitted in error (Sorry, Lou!).

Although I knew Matthew Robinson reasonably well, this was the first time we worked together. I did like his work enormously and asked him back later to direct another story. I also offered him a third story during the season that was sadly aborted. I read in **DWM** recently that Matthew thought I was unreasonable in objecting to his discussing how a sequence should be shot with the writer/script editor. I wonder how he'd feel if the boot was on the other foot now that he's producing *Byker Grove*? A little differently, I suspect.

I knew I'd miss Janet Fielding. She was a good actress a good company member, feisty and articulate. At some of the American conventions, panels are scheduled opposite other panels, especially at the mega-huge events. One time in Chicago, Janet and I were due to start a panel, and fifteen minutes into our session, another panel of big guns was to commence – several Doctors on stage at once, I think. We started with a huge room full of people, but as the time approached for the other panel, people began moving quietly towards the door. Janet and I looked at each other. We decided we had to do something to stop the exodus. Our egos took flight and we started bitching at each other. Janet called me mean. I called her loud and demanding. She referred to me as God. An American fan called Heather Nachman had once referred to Tegan as 'the mouth that walks', so I used this to great effect. A few more people left, but we ploughed on. The doors flew open again, and in trooped masses of people led by many of those who'd just left our room . . . they'd obviously been rounding up their friends. We finished the panel with a standing ovation from a packed auditorium. From then on, whenever we were invited to conventions together, we repeated the 'act'. We sang bitchy parodies of songs and did sketches together – all of which capitalised on our supposed love/hate relationship. These sessions started the rumours that we didn't get on. It was good for the audiences, but you should all know that Janet and I *do* get on extremely well together . . . who'd want to argue with that mouth?

A male nudist, thinking Nicola was genuinely drowning, attempted to rescue her.

I recall having to sign a form in order to request an extension to her work permit, as, at the time, Janet was still a single Australian. She came to my office with the form completely filled out in pencil. I signed it, Janet took it away and sent it to the relevant authority. I thought no more about it, until weeks later the form, duly approved and stamped, was sent back to me as her employer. The form was now in ink, and the item that caught my eye was a different – and earlier – date of birth! When we were casting Tegan, we had specified an age of twenty-one, and I now realised that Janet was several years older. I sent the form out to rehearsal for Janet with a note attached that said, 'I note your age with interest!'. The following day, Peter Davison called and said that Miss Fielding was convinced she was going to be sacked, and what was going to happen? I kept her guessing for a while, and then told her I was not worried about the discrepancy, but alarmed that I had been signing something on the BBC's behalf that had been altered. Another day, another dollar !

PLANET OF FIRE

Fiona Cumming had been to Lanzarote for a holiday. During the making of *Enlightenment*, she brought in her photos to show me, and the landscape was astounding. The mother of one of our regular production managers, Margot Hayhoe, insisted man had never in fact been to the moon and that NASA and the Russians had issued pictures of men in spacesuits on the island of Lanzarote instead!

I discussed the proposal to film on the island with Saward, who appeared enthusiastic about the idea. We commissioned a four-part script from Peter Grimwade, using Lanzarote as a twentieth century Mediterranean holiday resort *and* as an alien planet. It was to be a story in which Peri was to join the Doctor, Turlough and Kamelion depart and have the Master as the villain. Much has been written about the demanding briefs doled out to experienced writers. Well, frankly, I don't think the above is too restricting at all in 100 minutes of screen time.

Saward appeared to resent the fact that I travelled to America for conventions and regularly went to *all* location shoots, whether they were in Acton or Amsterdam. This was odd as he normally only came on location on a day-trip, unless it was a story he'd written, and had categorically said that he disliked conventions. So as he felt too tied to the typewriter, and as I was extremely busy at the time, I suggested that if he had everything in hand with the other scripts, he should go to Lanzarote on a recce with Fiona and June Collins (the production associate), the designer and the production manager, so that he could liaise with the writer on his return about what was available on the island. I thought too he might then appreciate that foreign recces and shoots were not all caviar and champagne. Judging by the comments of others on that excursion, I think it was a salutary lesson. Early starts, getting stuck, getting lost, unable to find anything to drink are all part and parcel of the deal. All would-be writers/script editors please note!

When it came to the shoot itself, I joined the main party. Originally there was to be a major press group accompanying us, but the marvellous deal that June had negotiated meant that the party would have to stay for the full five-day shoot (a seven-day trip), which most Fleet Street editors weren't prepared to condone. I say most, but *The Daily Star* was determined to attend, ostensibly to have first crack at the publicity and launch of Nicola Bryant as Peri. I was delighted when the photographer was announced to be Alistair Loos (of Tegan's nightie fame – see the *Arc of Infinity* section in **DWM** 236) and the 'scribbler' was to be someone I knew well too. At the last minute the reporter was changed to someone I didn't know and whom I didn't take to at all. During the flight, the *Star* team invited me to join them for champagne. Half an hour from touchdown, the reporter revealed he'd been 'going through the cuts', as researching old cuttings is known, and had dug up all manner of minor dirt on certain cast individuals. The main source of interest was that Dallas Adams had been the first man to win a gay palimony case. "How do you feel about casting the first gay palimony case winner in a family programme and him playing the stepfather of your new companion?" I was asked. I burbled something along the lines of "His role in the show interests me and our audience, and I'm not interested in his past." But I knew I had to deal with this, and *before* stories were filed back to the *The Daily Star*'s London office.

That night a crowd of us went out to dinner, including Her Majesty's press. For a nightcap we adjourned to a disco next to our hotel called 'The Beachcomber'. As the name demonstrated little or no imagination, we re-christened it 'The Pig and Strumpet'.

The first day's shoot went well; the press party hired a moke, and we persuaded them to bring out to location the continuous supply of soft drinks required in such temperatures. They hung a sign on it: 'Press Bar', and although they made enormous efforts to fit in with the rest of the team, smutty questions regarding members of our company still abounded. The Visual Effects boys threw a terrific party on the second evening which went on very late. The *Star* writer was quite inebriated and came to my room to discuss an idea for a photo shoot of Peter as James Bond and Nicola as Honey Ryder recreating *the* most famous scene from *Dr No* (geddit?) . . . and then promptly passed out on one of the beds.

The next day in the converted restaurant we were using for the royal apartment, our Fleet Street friend fell asleep on top of the stunt mattresses that were lying next to the bar (I'm not sure to this day what they were there for). I waited until just before lunch break, loudly ordered two large Bloody Marys, and accidentally kicked him as I made the order. He groaned, then, realising how hung-over he was, said he felt nauseous. I leant down, pulled him up by the collar and whispered to him that if he printed just *one* bad word about my cast in his newspaper, I would tell everyone I knew in Fleet Street that we had slept together the previous evening – starting with his photographer who was on the balcony taking snaps of Peter Wyngarde.

He called my bluff.

I yelled for Alistair, a *very* chatty individual. Alistair left Mr Wyngarde and yelled from a distance "Be with you in a second, guv'nor." The hung-over journalist said, "Okay, John, you win – and I'd better have that Bloody Mary!"

It was at this point I felt that the *Star* team became part and parcel of the unit. Shortly after, Alistair befriended an unusual German lady in 'The Pig and Strumpet', who was rather a joker. She would open her handbag and produce false noses, plastic spectacles, imitation spiders and so on. When the reporter whom I was chatting with, Pat, turned to Alistair and said, "What on Earth are you doing chatting up a woman like that?", he replied, "Any port in a storm!"

Pat replied, "Sure, but that's Pearl Harbour!"

So, Pearl was usually on hand in the evenings demanding "Wo ist Alistair?" Eventually, Pearl recognised Peter Davison from *Alle Tiere Gross und Klein*, as *All Creatures Great and Small* was known in German, and asked him for his autograph. Peter signed her book. She thanked him, looked at the book, and erupted. "To Pearl from Peter Davison. Pearl? PEARL? Who is zis PEARL?" Red faces all round!

Janet and I get on extremely well together . . . who'd want to argue with that mouth?

Nicola Bryant went through an ordeal in her debut story. She was cut and grazed, bashed and pulled because of the requirements of the action; even during the drowning sequence, all wasn't smooth; a male nudist, thinking she was genuinely in trouble, attempted to rescue her. When he finally discovered we were filming, he was incensed. While we were doing the TARDIS departure shot, he brazenly walked through the shot stark-naked. Somewhere in the BBC vaults this has been captured for posterity, or should that be posterior?

As it turned out, our trip was extremely successful. The surroundings looked wonderful, the company pleasant and the press coverage magnificent, including the James Bond picture.

Peter Wyngarde had wanted to play Timanov as an old, old man: long white hair, beard, false eyebrows etc. Fiona tried to talk him out of it, unsuccessfully. During the flight I talked to Peter myself and stressed that I didn't want his well-known face hidden from view. He agreed, and apparently turned to the make-up designer, Liz Rowell, and said, "John wants me to play it glam. It will take far longer to achieve, but he's the boss. Oh, you do have men's false eyelashes with you, don't you ?" Liz didn't, but she was able to scour Lanzarote with our production buyer and eventually found some. Peter hired a moke for himself and, one day when he was working, kindly loaned it to two of the younger members of the cast who had the afternoon off. They promptly crashed it and turned it over! Mr Wyngarde was not amused!

Below: The *Doctor Who* team with an overseas guest: *left to right* John Nathan-Turner, Janet Fielding (Tegan), Mark Stickson (Turlough), David Ryan and Peter Davison. Photo © John Nathan-Turner

When originally written, it was to be Kamelion who appeared on location rather than the silver-faced Dallas Adams, but because of the technical complexities involved and the terrain being so difficult to traverse, we restricted Kamelion's contribution to the more containable environs of the studio.

In the hotel grounds there was a tiny pool which contained two turtles who constantly attempted to climb out of it. They constantly failed to do so, as the moment they got towards the rim, the combination of water and the angle of the sides forced them to slip back into the pool, only to re-attempt their next escape. It was heart-rending to watch.

As we journeyed by coach from the hotel back to the airport, three members of the cast quietly confessed to me that they had, in a midnight raid, released the creatures back into the sea very late the previous evening. Now, bearing in mind their tropical origin, the turtles were certainly dead by now, as the temperature of the sea surrounding Lanzarote was far too cold for them, but I thanked them for letting me know. I can't name names, but it was two non-regulars and one regular. Thank heavens I've never heard another word about the incident from the hotel, and I trust that **Doctor Who Magazine** is not available in Lanzarote!

I was sorry to see Mark Strickson go – Turlough was a worthwhile character. Mark and his lovely ex-wife Julie Brennan (who later appeared in *Paradise Towers*) were a great fun-loving couple to have around on and off-set. I well remember Mark popping his head rather sheepishly round my office door one day and saying, "John! Julie and I are going to get married but *please* – no publicity!" I complied. It upset the Press Office but I complied.

Above: The Doctor faces the wrath of Sharaz Jek (Christopher Gable) in *The Caves of Androzani.* Photo © BBC Video

THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI

Another favourite story of mine. An excellent Bob Holmes script, beautifully directed by Graeme 'It goes like this' Harper. I had first seen his name on a roster when I joined the BBC as a floor assistant. I noticed it because on this three-monthly chart, his allocation had one line straight through the hundred or so days with one word: 'Drama'. Obviously he was on an attachment to that department as an AFM, but because everyone in Studio Management said the word 'Drama' as though it was 'Excrement', I was intrigued by the department and the individual. When I moved over to Drama we got to know each other, and on *The Pallisers*, Graeme was the Assistant Floor Manager on the first half (it was twenty-six episodes long) and I was the AFM on the second, briefly as it turned out, as I was rapidly promoted to the show's production manager. Graeme's directorial prowess was blatantly obvious during some of the hardest sections of the making of *Warriors' Gate*, on which he was production manager. A director's course followed, though he hardly needed it, and I was thrilled that he wanted to direct a *Who*.

One of my all-time favourite actors appeared in this story; John Normington. He appeared again later during my era. As a person, he is so un-actorish, and yet he is so versatile on-stage or on-screen. I've worked with him more times than I care to remember, yet every performance is so different. However, I would dare to suggest that he excels at the 'sinister'.

Christopher Gable was simply stunning as Sharaz Jek. I think Chris and Barbara Kinghorn, who played Krau Timmin, proved that young dancers can develop into excellent actors, in much the same way as 'situation comedy and pantomime stars' should not be underestimated!

This story was always long, yet there was a reluctance to cut the script until after the recordings were complete. However, we got so far behind on our last studio that I sent Saward and Bob Holmes off to the wine bar to cut the material that was left to record, otherwise we simply wouldn't have finished. When they returned, Bob explained that the only substantial material that could go without damaging the yarn involved the Magma Creature. It was a shame really, as the creature looked excellent. However, most of its contribution was removed from the running order and we did complete.

Below: The twins Romulus and Remus (Gavin and Andrew Conrad) meet their saviour, the newly regenerated Doctor (Colin Baker) in *The Twin Dilemma.* Photo © BBC Video

And so Peter discharged the mantle of *Doctor Who*. Goodbye, Peter . . . Hello, Colin. Peter and I had worked for three years together on *All Creatures*, and then three years on *Doctor Who*. I knew I'd miss him.

THE TWIN DILEMMA

Colin Baker had experienced colossal TV fame before *Doctor Who* – as the baddie in *The Brothers*. I knew, therefore, that his adjustment to playing the Doctor would be almost instantaneous.

I do think it important that the producer and the leading cast members get on together. It is over-simplistic to suggest, though I did say it, that Colin's entertaining party dialogue at Sarah Sutton's house led to my offering him the part. It was just one more impressive performance. He had appeared in *Arc of Infinity* of course, but I had been an admirer of his work for many years.

In an earlier chapter I indicated my preference for a totally different Doctor when Tom Baker left. Similarly, with Peter's departure looming, I again wanted a contrast. I think most would agree that if Colin had followed Tom, there might have been some similarities in their style of performance.

I have remained in contact with all the Doctors with whom I have worked, and I most certainly would call Colin a friend. I simply adore his wife and the Bakerlites, as I call his lovely daughters. This aside, I do feel he had an extremely raw deal with *Doctor Who*, but more of that later.

We had the usual meetings, discussions on what Colin could bring to the role, lengthy viewing sessions and so on, before I actually offered Colin the part. David Reid was then my Head of Department, and he wanted to meet Colin in order to give his approval. The conversation centred on cricket rather than acting but David agreed that I could proceed.

In the cold light of day, years indeed after the event, I can say I think Colin's costume was something of a mistake. It was my idea to make the Sixth Doctor lacking in clothes sense. Pat Godfrey designed a tasteless outfit that still looked reasonably tasteful to Colin's and my eyes. Whether there were too many fingers involved in the design pie and that's why it didn't totally succeed I don't know. I certainly wouldn't blame anyone solely for its apparent lack of appeal, but it was all too garish. Colin never complained about it, though he did say that if there was a costume like that in any show, he'd want to be wearing it! In other words, it certainly drew the eye of the viewer.

The Twin Dilemma was a run-of-the-mill story which we hoped would be helped by the presence of the new Doctor. We wanted the audience to be very suspect of him – we knew that his initial strange behaviour was just a reaction to the recent regeneration, but we wanted our audience to think, 'We must watch this new chap! He's off his head.' I think we succeeded.

> I think Colin's costume was something of a mistake.

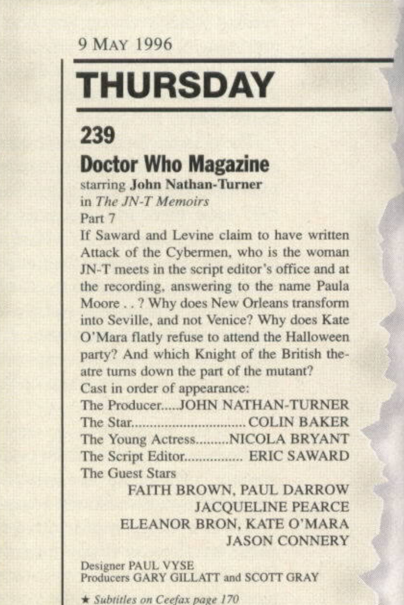
I didn't like Nicola's costume. I can't remember if I'd seen the drawing. I may well have been more preoccupied with Colin's new image, but I had several inches taken off the hem, the neckline altered to a V-neck and the boots altered as well. In the previous story we had seen quite an amount of Nicola's lovely figure, but when she first walked on set for *The Twin Dilemma*, Colin was showing more flesh than Nicola. Please don't take this apparently sexist decision the wrong way, but I had a feeling that there would be an instant following for Nicola and I felt it wrong to change her image to that of a Victorian lady who wouldn't dare to flash an ankle.

Maurice Denham, one of the great British actors of our time and a charming gentleman to boot, appeared in this story. At a party after the final recording, Maurice proved to me that although the part he played was ancient, he had the heart and soul of somebody many years younger – he out-danced a lot of the substantially more youthful members of the team!

The Twin Dilemma was written by another writer I'd worked with on *All Creatures*, Tony Steven, a wonderfully colourful character who had the most imaginative reasons for late deliveries of scripts. I think the exploding typewriter was the most inventive.

Yet again, I was forced into a corner with regard to moving from *Doctor Who*. I began to feel paranoid. Every single project that I submitted to the Head of Department, either with Saward, on my own or with another writer, was rejected, or developed then rejected. I was frustrated. Nevertheless, once you've agreed to do something, you should do it to the best of your ability and with as much enthusiasm as you can muster.

So stand by for Season Twenty-Two . . .



9 May 1996

THURSDAY

239

Doctor Who Magazine

starring **John Nathan-Turner**
in *The JN-T Memoirs*
Part 7

If Saward and Levine claim to have written Attack of the Cybermen, who is the woman JN-T meets in the script editor's office and at the recording, answering to the name Paula Moore . . ? Why does New Orleans transform into Seville, and not Venice? Why does Kate O'Mara flatly refuse to attend the Halloween party? And which Knight of the British theatre turns down the part of the mutant?

Cast in order of appearance:
The Producer.....JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
The Star...............................COLIN BAKER
The Young Actress.........NICOLA BRYANT
The Script Editor............... ERIC SAWARD
The Guest Stars
FAITH BROWN, PAUL DARROW
JACQUELINE PEARCE
ELEANOR BRON, KATE O'MARA
JASON CONNERY

Designer PAUL VYSE
Producers GARY GILLATT and SCOTT GRAY

★ *Subtitles on Ceefax page 170*

Next Issue . . .

Doctor Who – The TV Movie

In part two of our major feature we talk to **Eric Roberts**, who plays the Master; **Sylvester McCoy**, the departing Doctor; **Matthew Jacobs**, the scriptwriter; and **Philip Segal**, the executive producer who spent seven years lobbying for the chance to bring the Doctor back to television. *Plus:* exclusive photos and our first look inside the new-look TARDIS!

The John Nathan-Turner Memoirs

Continuing this popular series, John looks at Season Twenty-Two and presents more hilarious anecdotes and behind-the-scenes revelations from the big chair . . . all in his own inimitable style.

Earthshock

We take a detailed look at the production of this popular Cybermen adventure from 1982, and chat to the irrepressible Beryl Reid about her work on the action-packed serial.

Ground Zero – Part Two

Ace, Sarah and Peri are trapped – to rescue them, the Doctor must confront an enemy who knows his every secret . . .

Vox Pops

We find out what the general public thought of some of the Second Doctor's most terrifying encounters, as we plunder Audience Research files from deep in the BBC's archives.

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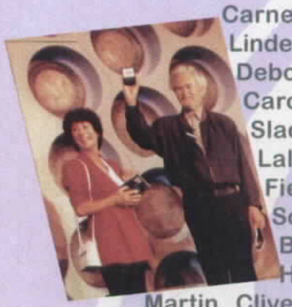

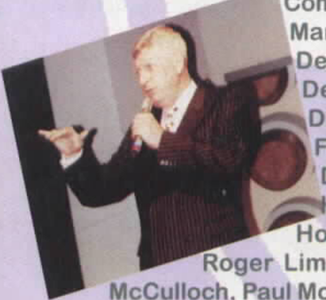

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